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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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LOVE SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Love, come and sing me a song that shall be
All running over with life's ecstacy;
Sing from the melody born in your breast,
And I will rest.

Sing of the blossoms that blew in the May;
Sing of the birds, and the beautiful day;
Sing of all beautiful things, oh my sweet,
Sitting there at my feet.

Sing of the love that has beautified life,
Hiding its sorrow, and bridging its strife;
Sing, oh my darling, the theme is so sweet,
Is so sweet!

Put your little white hand in my own as you sing,
Your little white hand with its plain little ring;
The sign of betrothal that binds you to me,
All to me!

THE TORY BROTHERS.

A Tale of the Delaware Valley

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY BURR THORNBURY.

THE TORIES' SECRET RETREAT.

CHAPTER XIV.

A BLOW FOR LIBERTY.

Confined in the room next to Lieutenant Warner was a young man who had been captured while on a foraging expedition against the British. He was a brave fellow, to whom confinement was very irksome. Escape was his constant thought. The day of Captain Irvin's trial a new batch of prisoners arrived, and the young whig was removed to the Lieutenant's apartment. The latter had been informed of Irvin's sentence. He resolved with his companion to make a desperate effort to escape, and if possible bring help to his friend the Captain.

Night came, and the two prisoners arranged their plans. The room in which they were confined was a strong apartment on the first floor. A single sentinel guarded it. There were others near, but this man was the first to be removed. The windows of the room were heavily barred, and it seemed hopeless to look for exit in that direction.

Just inside of the door was a small wooden table, or bench rather, the legs of which with some trouble could be removed. Taking out one of these, the Lieutenant held it toward his companion and pronounced it, in the absence of something better, a very serviceable weapon.

"Will you strike for liberty, though the next moment bring you death?" he asked.

"Anything for freedom," was the firm reply.

"I think these arms of yours could deal a blow that would have a very desirable effect upon a Hessian head."

"What is your plan? I am ready for any risk."

A few words of explanation were given by the Lieutenant. Then taking off their coats, the two men deliberately tore them into stout strips, which, tied together, made a rude but serviceable sort of rope wherewith a man might be temporarily bound. It was now seven o'clock. In a few minutes an attendant, usually a soldier, would bring the prisoners their evening meal. Removing every sign of their late work, the men prepared to receive him. Footsteps were heard approaching. The Lieutenant lay down on the floor opposite the entrance, so that when the door was opened he would be noticed at once by the attendant. The young officer feigned illness, tossing and rolling as if in pain. The door was unbolted, and opened swinging inward. Behind it stood the second prisoner, waiting to do his part. The soldier, as he entered, seeing the form of the Lieutenant before him, hastily set down the food he was carrying, and with a look of surprise started toward him. Forgetting the presence of the other prisoner, he was stooping over the form on the floor, when a terrific blow administered with the bench leg brought him insensible to the same position, the body of the Lieutenant breaking his fall. Extricating himself from the weight of his fallen foe, he sprang to assist the stalwart young whig in binding and gagging the insensible but breathing man. It was all the work of a very few moments, but finished none too soon, as the sentinel at the first passage had heard enough of the disturbance to direct him toward the desperate men. Grasping his club, the strong-armed young hero stepped quickly into the dimly-lighted hall, hid in the shadows, and awaited the approach of the suspicious sentinel. Observing the open door, the latter was in the act of entering, when on his head descended a stunning blow that brought him to the floor. He was bound and gagged like the other, a second stroke being necessary to complete his unconsciousness. In each case, before securing his hands, the coat of the soldier was stripped from him. With desperate haste these were now appropriated by the brave men, who also robbed their enemies' caps.

"The way is now open for a start," said Lieutenant Warner. "Thus disguised, with the aid of darkness, we may be able to reach the inner line unchallenged. There we must run the sentries' fire, if discovered, and trust to our legs for the rest. Come!"

They left the building unobserved. As they reached the open air a number of red coats were seen gathered around a blazing fire, and near these it was necessary to pass.

"Keep in the shadow as much as possible," whispered the young officer, "but show no sign of fear."

They walked briskly forward, passing the men almost without being noticed.

"So far, good," thought the escaping patriots as they approached the first line of sentinels, where if seen the countersign would probably be demanded.

To their surprise and joy they saw but two sentries in the line which they supposed would be closely guarded, as the apprehension at this time among the enemy they knew was great because of the bold and repeated attacks of the Americans under Putnam and other leaders. They hoped to fall in with one of these raiding parties, if they once got beyond the British lines. Seeing but two sentinels, when they expected to find several, the fugitives fully thought to pass unchallenged. But as they advanced one of the soldiers discovered them, at the very moment they were congratulating themselves that this danger was past.

"Halt!" he commanded.

Knowing that their only chance was in flight, for if they were brought into the presence of the guard their partial disguise would no longer conceal their true character, they heeded not the cry of the sentry, but started at full speed toward the front, resolved to break through or die in the attempt. The man discharged his musket, and simultaneously with the report another discharge, as if of several guns, was heard ahead.

What could it mean? The firing in front could certainly not have been in consequence of the single shot, for the alarm had been given in both places at once. Were the fugitives already discovered by the outer line of sentries? If so, their chance of escape was small.

CHAPTER XV.

RESCUE.

The British camp was now alarmed, but not wholly prepared for defence. A body of American troops came sweeping into the town, driving all before them.

"Our own men are attacking!" cried Lieutenant Warner, soon comprehending the cause of the general disturbance. "Hurrah! there's hope for the Captain! Down, Walker, down! till the pickets have passed."

They crouched in the shadow of an embankment till the retreating guard and the pursuing patriots went by. It was Putnam, who with a small body of men was that winter the terror of the enemy. He was now leading his gallant troops once more against them. They thundered into the town, the suddenness of the attack preventing any effectual resistance. Following in their rear, Lieutenant Warner made himself known to some of the men, first throwing aside his cap and coat, that he might not be mistaken for one of the enemy, and then gathered a party of the assailants for the rescue of his friend. Entering the building in which he was confined, after a short struggle with the guard, the apartment where the doomed Captain was secured was reached.

"Thank heaven, my friend! you are saved!" exclaimed the overjoyed Lieutenant as he released the Captain from his bonds. "Hasten, or the enemy may recover and prevent our escape."

It needed no second bidding to induce the rescued man to leave the room he had thought to leave only for the gallows.

"God bless you, Allen, and your brave companions," he said, as they hurried from the place. All the other prisoners had meanwhile been released, and the party joined the main body and prepared to retire. One hundred of the British had been captured, and with a cheer of triumph the daring patriots left the town. This was only one of General Putnam's exploits during the winter, that gallant officer with the small force under his command taking prisoners over one thousand of the enemy, besides doing them other injury.

Richard Doane fell in the attack on Elizabethtown, a bullet from an American musket piercing his heart as he was trying in the confusion of the surprise to escape from the advancing troops.

"I fear I could not have saved you, even if we had succeeded in getting away," said Lieutenant Warner to the Captain, informing him of the desperate attempt he and his fellow prisoner had made to pass the British lines.

"Alas! my friend, I should have perished had not these gallant fellows arrived to aid me. You could not have returned in time. An attack by day would have proved unsuccessful, and ere night my life would have been taken. It is most fortunate that our men came to-night, and that you were free to lead them to my prison."

Full of gratitude at their deliverance, the young soldiers reached the American camp and reported themselves for immediate service.

Word was soon received from home, stating that all was well, though a third attack had been made on Graham Grange, resulting in the complete defeat of the assailants and the death of another of the tory brothers. The chief of the band now alone was at large, and discouraged by the ill-success of his expeditions against the patriots, for a while he ceased his operations, and was heard of but little in any quarter.

During the spring of 1777 Washington remained entrenched among the hills of New Jersey—his army daily and hourly increased in strength by the arrival of new recruits. His force at length amounted to fifteen thousand men, and the British thought it best to evacuate the state. They determined to approach Philadelphia from another direction, and accordingly embarked on board the fleet and set sail for the Chesapeake. Washington hastened across the country to meet them. This gave our heroes an opportunity to see their homes, and one pleasant day, leaving the marching troops, with permission to absent themselves two days, the young officers joined the little household of Robert Graham.

CHAPTER XVI.

OFF FOR BRANDYWINE.

"God bless you, my brave fellows! welcome to our home!" It was the voice of Robert Graham, greeting on his threshold the returning soldiers.

"We are glad to find you so well," they replied, grasping his extended hand.

A cry of joy was heard within; they were discovered by the sisters. Who shall picture the meeting of true lovers?—the gladness that the safe return of dear ones from the danger and toil of war occasions? We leave to the imagination of our readers this joyful scene.

"The war is not yet over, my darling," said Captain Irvin to his betrothed, as the party seated themselves near the doorway, "but through the new perils that may surround us—the hardships we may yet be called to endure—will live the hope of another meeting like this. The oppressor driven from our shores, as he has already been driven from the Jerseys, and I will return to you to claim you as my bride."

Lucy's face shone with a soft love-light, and she answered tenderly:

"Yes, Edward, we will hope for that happy day—for it would not be such if our enemies were in the end to conquer. Even though you should come back safe and well, we could not rejoice were our country to be brought once more under the tyrant's yoke. There may be double danger ahead; for we know that Howe is hastening to invade our soil; but I cannot for one moment think of keeping you from your duty. Would that I could help my country more."

"It is you, and such as you, that do most for her!" cried the admiring Captain. "You give strength to the soldier's arm and courage to his heart. Would that there were more like you in the land, though you are not alone, even in this spot, in your devotion to the cause"—and he turned to Grace, who, happy in the presence of her lover, and sad in the thought that he soon must leave her for new perils, was as true a patriot as her sister.

"Thank you, Captain," said Grace, "though I feel that I am doing little compared with those who on the march and in the battle are found ever faithful."

The young officers bowed at the compliment. After more conversation, forgetting in their happiness the lapse of time, the little party saw that the sun was declining in the west and felt the evening coolness creeping around.

In another hour, gathered at the supper-table which the fair hands of the maidens had assisted to spread, with the old patriot in their circle, his snowy hair and beard contrasting grandly with the younger heads around him, the experiences and adventures of the young men were recounted. The old housekeeper for the time forgot her despondency, and an expression of satisfaction that could hardly be made to fit her usually unsmiling features, was evident in her countenance.

"Glad to see you back, my boys"—she always called them her "boys"—"and since you've managed to get home safe this time, which I didn't nowise expect—I'd 'vise you to go solgering no more. You'll just get killed; and then what good'll liberty do you?"

"Oh, no, aunty," said the Lieutenant, "we shall take good care of ourselves; but it's very comforting to hear you talk, for you know that nothing ever turns out as you predict."

Since the old lady's prophecies were always of the most melancholy character this way of treating them was perhaps the best.

"Well, I suppose you *will* soon be off again; I hope you'll get killed easy—and not like the poor fellow you was a tellin' of, neighbor Twining's son."

"Is that your happiest wish, aunty?" said the Lieutenant, smilingly.

"Leastwise," she resumed, "it's to be prayed you won't get took'en pris'ner, for you won't get off next time, but will be hung sure; and I don't like to think of that."

"Then why do you mention it?" inquired the Captain, with a look of humor. "It is hardly cheerful to the rest of us."

Leaving the housekeeper to her gloomy views, the little circle adjourned to the parlor. The evening passed all too soon away. The next day and the next went by, and then taking tender leave of their betrothed and Mr. Graham, not forgetting Seth and melancholy Mrs. Wesner, the latter assuring them that she felt it was her "last look"—the young officers set off to rejoin the army—to form two of the patriot host that were soon to stand in vain defence between the enemy and Philadelphia. Leaving them thus we must turn aside and look to other characters of our tale who are soon to play a dark part against our heroines.

CHAPTER XVII.

A GENERAL ESCAPE.

Lewis Doane, after his capture in the midnight foray on Graham Grange, had lain for some months a prisoner in Newtown jail. After a time young Chambers shared his imprisonment. Confinement was very irksome to both, as they had been accustomed to active out-door life, and were beside very anxious to assist their friends, the royalists, in the overthrow of the patriots. Young Chambers, through his father's influence, which was considerable with two or three officers of rank in the British Army, had been promised a lieutenancy of dragoons in Howe's command. His unfortunate arrest at the moment when he was about to make arrangements to join the enemy in that capacity, had irritated and embittered him to the last degree against both Captain Irvin and Lieutenant Warner, whom he regarded as the chief cause of his delay and disappointment. During the period of his confinement with Lewis Doane he had induced that individual to promise to join him in his proposed enlistment in the British army, whenever they should be able to effect their escape, which was now their constant thought.

Doane at first declared that he would not leave the county, but would remain to harass the whigs, against whom he conceived he had bitter cause for enmity. He was after a time, however, under the promise of assistance from the would-be lieutenant, persuaded to unite with young Chambers in going to the enemy. After the march of Washington from the Jerseys to oppose the intentions of the British toward Philadelphia, the vigilance with which the tories had been guarded was relaxed. They saw the neglect and watched their opportunity to escape.

It was the evening of a quiet day in early September. In the cell of the tories preparations had been made to take a final leave of their quarters. The bars of the windows of their room had after long and patient labor been filed nearly off, ready for removal when other things should be ready. The trouble heretofore had been the extreme vigilance with which they had been watched, but now the regular guard was changed and one less efficient substituted. With anxious hearts the prisoners watched the shadows gather over the village.

"Not another night in this place for me," said Doane, who was cautiously giving the final cutting to the almost severed bars.

"The man who discovers us now dies," returned Chambers. "I thought Watson looked in at us rather suspiciously yesterday, but he has not shown himself since. If he had entered I would have throttled him and given him this," producing a small, keen-looking dagger.

"Where did you get it?" inquired his companion.

"I have had it all the time; brought it with me; thought I should have used it on that sleepless jailor before this."

Taking his coat and a piece of coarse blanket, he commenced cutting them into strips and twisting them into a kind of rope. It was now almost dark. Their supper had been furnished, and no further interruption was expected. An hour they waited, and then commenced the removal of the bars, leaving one that had not been touched, to which the rude rope was attached, ready for descent. All was quiet—too quiet for their purpose, but they resolved to venture. Another day, and their work which with great pains had been concealed, might perhaps have been discovered, even if the bars had not been taken out. Now it was too late for anything but the final venture. The rope, fastened to the lower bar, was thrown out, reaching nearly half the distance to the ground. This was sufficient, as the window was not high.

"Now for it," whispered the younger tory. "I am the lighter man and will go first, and wait for you at the bottom." He slid down, alighting almost noiselessly below. His companion followed, the rope however breaking and letting him down with some violence, but without injury. The noise of his descent alarmed the jailor, who called at once to the sleepy guard. Examination showed that two of the prisoners had flown. The alarm was given and pursuit instantly made. By this time there was commotion within. The other prisoners, among them the two of the tory brothers captured at the mill, guessing at the cause of the alarm, thought there might be a chance of escape for themselves. The Doanes were quick-witted, and a plan was instantly devised. The room or cell in which the brothers and another of their band were confined, contained a small fire place, in which glowed a few live coals, a fire having been there that day for the comfort of the third prisoner, who had been suffering from an attack of chills. Blowing the coals into a flame, one of the brothers tore open a rude bed in the corner, containing corn husks,

and lighting them at the blazing coals, threw them between the iron bars of the window. Smoke filled the room, and flame and sparks were visible from the outside.

"Fire! fire! the jail is on fire!" they shouted.

"Fire! fire!" was heard in reply from those without. A trampling of feet was soon heard in the passage. The door was burst open, and at the same moment, prepared for their opportunity, with the spring of a lion the brothers rushed into the midst of the excited throng at the entrance, and before hands could be laid upon them, made their escape to the open air. The stratagem of the desperate men was soon comprehended, and rather dazed by their audacity, those present looked in pursuit. Meanwhile how fared it with the other two?

"To the Neshaminy!" cried Lewis Doane. Once a few miles up that stream and I will lead you to a spot that no pursuer will seek with safety. We will perhaps find some of our band in the vicinity." Louis was aware of the discovery of the cave by the whigs—some one at the jail had informed him of that, else his steps might have been unfortunately for him, turned in that direction. As it was he aimed for their second hiding-place. By desperate efforts they succeeded in reaching the banks of the stream known then and now as the Neshaminy. Crossing without difficulty—for the water was very low, as it usually is during the summer and early fall—they made their way along the western bank till they approached the point known as Sackett's Ford. A small cabin, built of logs, stood in front of a bluff considerably higher than the opposite shore. All around was frowning forest or dense and tangled thicket. The region was as the Indians had left it—no sign of civilization or of human presence save the humble and half-hidden dwelling the fugitives now approached.

"'Tis a dismal place," remarked young Chambers. "We will surely be safe here, at least for a season."

"Yes, and as long as we choose to remain," answered his companion.

"We will soon find ourselves in comfortable quarters; you have never seen them yet, for it was thought advisable to admit only a certain number into the secret. After—"

"Indeed," said the younger tory, with some surprise and bitterness, "was I not to be trusted?"

"We were about to inform you of the retreat—Rob advised it from the first"—explained Doane, "but our rule was to confide in no one who had not been with us six months. Ah! here we are!"

He gave a low whistle, listened for a reply, and none coming repeated the signal louder. The door of the cabin was cautiously opened. Doane gave another whistle, this time with a peculiar repetition.

"Come in;" said a voice with confidence. "Why it is Lew!" was the exclamation a nearer approach elicited.

"Yes it is I. Where is Rob?"

"Not at home. Has been thinking of an attempt on Newtown jail in your favor, but it seems you've come without!"

The men by this time had entered the cabin. The interior looked like a rude hunter's home, and showed little of the comfort Louis Doane had spoken of.

"Glad to see you, Chambers," said the man who had admitted them. "They've been pretty hard on you for the first."

The young man muttered an imprecation in reply.

"They've been pretty hard on all of us," continued the man. "Mose is gone; and Dick was shot at Elizabethtown; and Bill is gone; and till you came, there was only one of the seven left. The Cap'n has been a little discouraged—but he's been more lively of late. Old Washington has just put off to fight the King's troops further down. He made out well at Trenton—though it wasn't our fault that he wasn't bagged."

"Come, Chambers, let us go a little further to-night," said Lewis Doane.

The young man looked up in surprise.

"Not in that direction," observing his glance towards the door. "This way; follow me."

Taking a light, the two descended into what appeared to be the cellar of the dwelling. Removing what would have been taken by one unacquainted with the secret of the place for a rough boarding of one side of the cellar, an opening showed large enough to admit a man. Following this subterraneous passage a large apartment was soon reached, similar in many respects to the cave that has already been described. It was of better form and dryer, in fact quite a comfortable place. The excavation was the work of nature, with some assistance from human hands. On one side was an opening to the outside world, affording ventilation, and when not screened with vines and branches, admitting some light. The apartment—for it bore the appearance of a chamber—was furnished with several rude articles of comfort, several couches of skins offering a pleasant resting-place. Several rifles were standing in one corner, and a number of large pistols were hung on the walls. A light was suspended from the roof. The only occupant of the place, except those who had just entered, was a young man, who arose with a movement as of offence toward the intruders, but seeing who they were, broke out into a cry of welcome.

"Is it you, Lew? And Chambers with you? We thought you were to stay in that old jail forever." The entrance of another person interrupted him in his welcome. He turned, this time in some alarm, toward the new comer.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SUCCESSFUL RAID.

The person entering the stone chamber was the man who had admitted Doane and Chambers to the cabin. His manner showed considerable excitement.

"What now?" demanded the guard.

"More arrivals; your brothers have escaped," said the man, turning to Lewis Doane, "and are in front watching. They had a hard run for headquarters, and were followed to the Ford. Bry. Sackett led the pursuers, and he knows more of this region than is good for him. The Cap'n will be in shortly, and may be he'll think it best to make a diversion."

A movement as of several persons entering the cabin was faintly heard.

"He has come," said the younger sentry.

At this moment Robert Doane appeared at the door of the apartment. He addressed a brief but earnest welcome to his brother and young Chambers.

"Our band is strengthening; it is well, for in a few days it is expected that Howe will have possession of Philadelphia, and there will be work enough to do. But just now we must punish the Neshaminy whigs for their impudence in trying to unearth us here. I hear the force at Newtown is weak; our men are all within call. Lew, you and Chambers with three others will remain here; the rest will move at once. We will make a good haul before morning; I have my eye on the county treasury. Cash is a scarce article in these times, but there's some at Newtown. Come, Bartelson."

All this was spoken in a rapid, decisive manner. The tory chief turned and entered the passage leading out, followed by the others. The room of the cabin was filled with rough-looking men, all armed with rifles, a few carrying pistols in addition.

"Come, boys, we have no time to lose. It is now midnight, but if we can reach Newtown by three it will answer."

The majority of the tories passed out, and proceeding a few rods were at a given signal joined by others, making in all a strong party. They hastened down the stream, turning at last to the left, and struck across the country toward the village they designed to attack.

Two hours later they entered by different roads the quiet place. The party of pursuers had returned with the intelligence that the prisoners had succeeded in eluding them. Fearing ambuscade they had not explored the Neshaminy woods, knowing that small hope of finding the fugitives could be entertained, though one or two of the bolder whigs had ventured to the Ford.

The plan of the tory attack was simple. Five of the party were directed to take a roundabout way and approach the village from the south. An old barn that stood near the main road was to be fired. The citizens when aroused would undoubtedly gather at the scene of the conflagration, when the other tories were to make an assault on the building containing the county funds.

All was ready. The torch was applied to the barn. The flames leaped into the air, and several rifle shots were discharged, arousing the slumbering inhabitants, who with their brains already filled with dreams bred from the excitement of the evening, awoke in terror, the men hurrying toward the blazing building. Crouched at their posts the tories waited for a time. Then at a signal from their leader they rushed upon the treasury. The doors were forced, and making their way to the interior the daring robbers possessed themselves of a considerable sum in coin before those on the watch warned them to retire. An attempt to obstruct their retreat brought such a volley from their rifles that the citizens in their alarm, half believing that a detachment from the British army had attacked their homes, made no further effort to molest the band, and in triumph the retreat was continued.

"Well done this time, my men," spoke Robert Doane to his followers. "The tide has been against us long enough, and now that it has turned we will make the Neshaminy region a very uncomfortable place for his majesty's enemies. And down the Delaware, even to the city, the whigs shall tremble as they think we are about once more."

They reached their rendezvous, little fearing they would be followed, and confident, if they were, of their ability to repulse any attack.

Great alarm was created by this audacious enterprise. The American troops were gone from the county, and it was apprehended by the whigs that new depredations would be made by the Doanes, emboldened by the absence of the soldiers and embittered against the patriots because of the loss and disaster that had attended former expeditions. Preparations were therefore made to exterminate the band if possible, and to recover the stolen treasure. But raid succeeded raid, one daring deed followed another, until the name of the Doanes became a terror to nearly the whole county, and the tory brothers were execrated by every order-loving and patriotic citizen as worse than the Hessians who had ravaged the Jerseys.

CHAPTER XIX.

WOUNDED.

It was the morning of the 11th of September, 1777. Sir William Howe and his army had commenced their direct advance on Philadelphia; and Washington, withdrawing across the Brandywine, had determined to risk a battle for the defence of the city. The Americans were inspirited by the presence of the gallant young Marquis de La Fayette, who had just arrived from France to assist the cause of independence. As an early hour the engagement commenced, and continued nearly the entire day.

Our young friends, the Captain and Lieutenant, were in the fray from the opening, fighting bravely under their commander, the gallant General Woodford, who was wounded and carried from the field. The battle was fought on a space of about four miles, including Osborne's Hill and the graveyard of Birmingham Meeting House. At this latter place Captain Irvin and his company were posted, with others, awaiting the onset of the enemy. Along the Brandywine hills the fight was raging. The glittering bayonets and scarlet uniforms of the British could be discerned, as amid the floating smoke from other portions of the field they advanced against our men behind the graveyard wall.

"Courage, men, the red-coats are coming." It was the voice of the young captain, exhorting his men to stand firm.

A desperate struggle ensued for the possession of the cemetery. Above the graves of those whose creed is peace—the graves of the followers of William Penn—the deadly combat raged. The British leaped into the enclosure—the grave-grass became reddened with blood. The Americans, overpowered by numbers, at last began to waver, turning to pour a last volley into the ranks of the assailants. With deep chagrin, Captain Irvin directed his decimated company to retire. The Lieutenant, even more reluctant than the Captain to yield the hotly-contested ground to the enemy, snatched a musket from a wounded comrade and was was about to discharge it at a huge grenadier, when a ball from a musket struck him in the breast, and he fell forward toward the foe.

"My God! he is killed!" exclaimed his friend in anguish, springing forward with three or four of his men to secure the body. He groaned as they picked him up, and with a faint hope that the wound might not prove mortal, the young officer assisted in carrying the bleeding form from the field.

The battle was now nearly over, defeat resulting to the Americans. Sadly they turned from the gory field, leaving it in possession of the exulting victors. They were not routed, however, but maintaining some organization, retired to Chester, whence they proceeded to Philadelphia.

Lieutenant Warner had been conveyed to the former place.

"Is there any hope?" the Captain asked of the surgeon, who had extracted the ball from the wound.

"Very little; if he could remain perfectly quiet he might at last recover. It is a wonder how he survived removal from the field; yet he would have died there, and the most careful treatment must be given now."

"Oh, if he could only be taken to Philadelphia! He has friends there at whose house he would be tenderly cared for. It will not do to leave him here. The enemy will soon be up, and in their hands he would die. Cannot his removal be attempted?" inquired the Captain anxiously.

"Wait till morning," said the surgeon; "he may be better then. Now it is impossible; he would die on the way."

After a night of fitful, though somewhat refreshing rest, it was decided that the young soldier might be conveyed further, since circumstances would be so much against his recovery were he left behind. He would fall into the hands of the British, and perhaps die of neglect. With great care, receiving every possible attention from his friend, he was taken to a friendly roof in Philadelphia. Fever and delirium followed his removal. For weeks he lay on the verge of the grave, seeming every day as if he must descend into the shadow of death. During all this time, after the first few days, a gentle presence was with him; a loving hand ministered to his wants; a sleepless eye watched beside his bed, though of all he was unconscious.

At last the burning pulse grew cooler; the hot brain ceased its painful throbbing; the ghastly wound began rapidly to heal; and he opened his eyes with the light of reason in them.

"You are better, Allen."

The light of a great but confused joy shone in the worn one's face.

"Oh! Grace, is it you? Where am I?"

"You have been very ill, Allen; very ill indeed, and wounded, if you remember," she answered tenderly.

"Ah! I remember—the battle—the retreat—was it victory at last, my darling, or did we lose? Tell me all," he pleaded, anxiously.

"Do not excite yourself. It is all over now. Our brave fellows fought well, but they were forced to yield."

The young man signed. Then as if suddenly wondering at the presence of Grace, and remembering that she had not answered his question as to his whereabouts, his brain not yet strong, growing confused at the strangeness of his position, he asked once more where they were.

Grace observed his weakness and excitement.

"There, there!" she said, "you have talked too long. Rest again now, and to-morrow I will tell you all."

He turned wearily on his pillow and was soon asleep. In the morning he awoke, feeling as if a new life had come to him. Grace rejoiced to see him so improved, and with the physician's permission, conversed freely, telling him all he desired.

"And we are in Philadelphia, with the enemy, and I am *a prisoner*," he said with some solicitude.

"It could not be helped; you were too sick to be removed. The British entered on the 20th—this is the 30th; you are not known to be here, and may not be discovered."

"And you, my darling one, hearing of my wound and illness, ventured here to aid me. How can I thank you, my dear, brave girl?" exclaimed the Lieutenant, his voice trembling with emotion.

"By getting well as soon as possible," she replied. "Seth and I rode down together. Father gave me permission, and our friends here have been very, very kind, so that it is no great praise that I deserve for coming to you."

Long converse the lovers held, interrupted by Miss May, the daughter of the gentleman in whose house they were, coming to announce that dinner was waiting for Grace.

"We will soon have you at the table with us, Lieutenant," she said, after congratulating him on his rapid convalescence.

CHAPTER XX.

RECOGNITION AND ARREST.

Lieutenant Warner regained his health and strength with wonderful rapidity. His wound entirely healed, and he felt like rendering new service for his country. But he was practically a prisoner. To the enemy it was as yet unknown that he was among them, but any day the house might be visited and his presence discovered. He did not relish the thought of falling into their hands again, for he might be remembered, and the old charge be preferred against him. Neither did he like the necessary confinement of the house. The weather was fine, and he could hardly be restrained from venturing into the streets. Without his uniform he would hardly be recognized as a soldier, and as a civilian he would not be disturbed. It was thus that he began to reason as the royal October weather wooed him out of doors. Grace was with him, and the happiness he found in her company alone deterred him from first venturing out, and then endeavoring to escape to the American forces, which lay in strong position on the Schuylkill, twenty miles northward. The young soldier pined for action; though as a lover he was happy in his inactivity, as a soldier he longed for the march and camp.

The battle of Germantown was fought on the morning of the 4th of October. When news of the result reached the home of Mr. May, it caused gloom in that household, for all there were ardent patriots. Lieutenant Warner was especially grieved that a victory had not been obtained, for the prospect now was that he would be compelled to remain during the winter with the enemy, unless escape was in some manner effected. One afternoon, toward the close of the month, he determined to take a stroll in the square. Grace accompanied him, resolved to be with him if he should meet with danger. They walked together through several of the streets, receiving no unpleasant attention from any one. As they were about to turn homeward, after an hour spent in the square, they observed a troop of dragoons coming at a gallop toward them. They gazed a moment at the men, and were astounded in that brief glance to recognize the leader of the troop as the son of their tory neighbor, Chambers. They turned away, as they hoped, unrecognized, for with no sign of recognition the young Lieutenant, splendid in his new uniform, went on down the street.

After he had passed, they looked at each other with mutual meaning.

"My bitterest enemy, and an officer in the British army," spoke Warner. "I had no idea that he was in the city, much less that he held such a position. I must be careful hereafter."

"Let us return immediately," said Grace, alarmed at the possibility of an unusual danger.

They reached the house of Mr. May in safety, the Lieutenant resolving to remain indoors in the future unless the way opened for a sure escape.

They were at the tea-table with the family in the evening when a servant entered, stating that a party of soldiers was at the door demanding the appearance of a refugee who was known to be in the house. The officer of the party was in the hall. All at the table turned pale.

"I am discovered," said the Lieutenant.

"Oh, Allen," cried Grace. "I feared this. What shall we do? Is there no way for escape?"

Mr. May had arisen and gone to meet the officer.

"I must surrender, I suppose. No doubt the house is watched, and I do not wish to bring my friends here into further trouble," said the young man with calmness.

Grace was fearfully alarmed. It was indeed a cruel blow to the noble girl, who had so fondly hoped that her lover might be spared to her, after his many days of safe concealment. Mr. May reappeared, saying there was no hope. Their friend was known and named; the house was surrounded, and there was no alternative but surrender.

"I will go down at once," said Lieutenant Warner. And he descended to the hall, first taking a tender leave of his betrothed, and entreating her to come no further. He did not wish her to witness the scene.

"All will be well at last, my darling," were his parting words.

In the hall he was seized at once as a prisoner to his majesty's forces. Yielding, since resistance would have been worse than vain, he took leave of his host and passed into the street. He felt that he owed his arrest to young Chambers, for no other had probably recognized him. The soldiers closed around him, and he was taken to the quarters prepared for the prisoners of war. Separate confinement was, however, his lot, and this circumstance strongly indicated that he was regarded as a special prisoner, and not one of the general number.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1871.

Electric Marine Lights.

An interesting experiment was lately conducted at Granton, Scotland, with the view of showing the practicability of illuminating beacons and buoys at sea with an electral light, produced by a battery on shore. In the carrying out of this method, so novel and yet so desirable, if scientifically attainable, a submarine cable, fully half a mile in length, was laid between the east breakwater of Granton harbor and the chain pier at Trinity. The operator occupied a station near the centre of the breakwater, and the light was shown at the point of the pier in front of an ordinary lighthouse reflector, producing a most brilliant flash. The flashes were emitted with great facility, and it was found that as many as five hundred could be transmitted in a minute, though the machine can be regulated so as to send one every second, or at any desired interval.

Liquid Gold.

One of the prettiest sights the human eye ever rested upon is pure gold in its liquid state. We saw in the Branch Mint, yesterday, a jar containing several gallons of the liquid, partially precipitated. The liquid is the color of pure sherry wine, and greatly magnifies that which is precipitated in the solid state. Looking through the side of the jar at the gold which had settled on the bottom, it presented a splendor and magnificence such as we had never witnessed even in the most brilliant sunset—an appearance not unlike that which one would imagine the vault of Heaven would present if inverted and lined with solid gold and lighted by a summer sun. The assayer had his eye peeled while we were examining the jar.—*Carson Register.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PINK AND WHITE TYRANNY. A Society Novel. By Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," &c. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston. Quite an interesting story, appropriate to the times, of woman's tyranny, and man's meek submission—the moral of which is, the author says, that Divorce, especially for the woman's sake, should not be made easy. Some may draw from it a directly opposite moral—for the man's sake. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

METAPHYSICS; OR, THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONSCIOUSNESS, PHENOMENAL AND REAL. By HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL, B. D., Wayneflete Professor of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

JAMES GORDON'S WIFE. A Novel. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE GALAXY. The August number contains a portrait of John Stuart Mill. Among the literary matter we note "The Lady Judith," "The Nether Side of New York," "Some Day of Days," &c. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. The August number contains "The Great War of 1870," by Edmond Scherer, "Ode to Pain," by Elizabeth Sill, "Wild Ireland," "The Politics of Women," &c. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. The August number contains "What are they Doing at Vassar?" "Some of the French Leaders," "An American Art Museum," &c. Published by Scribner & Co., New York.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD. The August number of this Magazine, which is devoted to "the Progress of Catholicity in America," &c., contains "The Church, the Abiding Manifestation of Christ," "After Many Days," "The Dangers and Delights of Tobacco," &c. Published by Hardy & Mahony, Philada.

☞ In Georgia, the ladies are spinning home grown silk cocoons, and making their own sewing silk thread.

☞ A private in the army recently sent a letter to his sweetheart closing with, "May heaven cherish and keep you from yours truly John Smith."

☞ "Tad" Lincoln, youngest son of President Lincoln, died at Chicago on Saturday of dropsy of the chest, at the age of 18.

LOCHINVAR AT SALT LAKE.

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY,

AUTHOR OF "MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER," ETC.

[We thought our readers might like to see the following story from one of the London magazines—as it will undoubtedly raise the question, at home and abroad, of the possibility of women being married against their will at Salt Lake.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

Resting on this hill-side, look around and below, and say whether you have ever before seen a sight more beautiful. Beneath you spreads a green valley, girt by a perfect cincture of mountains, as exquisite in their outlines as anything Greece itself can show, and crowned with snowy peaks which dazzle the eye as they pierce into the intensely blue heaven and flash back the brilliant sunlight. Far off on the right that sunlight glitters on the edge of a lake. In the middle of the valley is a city nestling among groves and rich in gardens. Amid and over the white walls and the prodigal luxuriance of the foliage rises a huge dark-colored oblong dome—if such a phrase be correct—a vast roof, looking like the back of some prodigious turtle. One might fancy himself looking down upon some Syrian scene, as he gazes on that town with its groves, its gardens, its white walls, its flat roofs, and its one vast dome. From this enchantment-lending distance the spectator might well imagine that there, on the bosom of the loveliest valley ramparted by the most glorious mountains in the world, stands the most picturesque city reared by human hands.

It is almost a pity that the traveller should ever have to descend into the town itself; for when once he gets there, the illusion vanishes. His imagined Damascus turns into a mean and shabby little country town built upon a swamp. One long and straggling street, two or three small cross streets, and some decent suburbs, with substantial residences, make up the whole concern. In the principal thoroughfare there are perhaps half-a-dozen respectable shops; the rest are wretched shanties. One or two drapers' shops; one or two gunmakers', with a huge wooden gun projecting as a sign; several tobacconists'; a couple of chemists; these, with the post-office, the news-agents, and the hotels, make up the trade and commerce of the community. Nothing could well be more shabby, squalid, commonplace. Yet this is a famous city, over the picturesqueness and architectural splendor of which English travellers have written themselves and their readers into sensational raptures. For it is the City of the Salt Lake, the chief town of Utah, the residence and the capital of the prophet Brigham Young, whose house, surmounted by its gilded beehive, is one of the objects which attract the eye and excite the curiosity of the stranger on his first arrival.

Disappointment—and what Blanche Amory calls "disillusion"—fell heavily on the mind and the spirits of an English traveller, Mr. Leslie Saudon, who had lately arrived in the city. Having had his head filled with Hepworth Dixon, he was cruelly disconcerted by the utterly commonplace aspect, the dirt and dismalness of everything. It seemed a camp of the joyless. Pigs nozzled among the heaps of vegetable refuse that lay on the footpaths. There was no sewage but such as was given by runnels of water that coursed down the side of each street—rivers rather than gutters, spanned at intervals by little bridges of plank. There was no gas, and at night the town had no other light than that which blinked out of the little lamps in the wretched shops. Our traveller tried to roam the streets at night; but found that he had to creep along in the most cautious manner, and listen every now and then for the roar of the torrent, lest he should tumble into one of the dirty refuse-bearing streams. He visited the theatre—a large, dreary, dingy, comfortless barn, where the few spectators tried to see the stage by the light of a few kerosene lamps. He thought this temple of amusement rather sadder than even the outer world, and he went forth into the dismal streets again. Even in the day there are not many people about the streets; and a woman is rarely seen there. At night they are deserted. The roar of the torrents, and the wind sweeping through the wild passes of the majestic mountains, are the only sounds one hears—except, indeed, the never-ceasing wail of the crying babies.

"Am I awake—am I in my right senses?" our traveller frequently asked himself. "Is this the picturesque, delightful city, the triumph of man's labor and genius over reluctant Nature, which I was bidden to come forth and admire? Truly the valley is delightful to look upon, and the mountains are peerless in their beauty of outline; but this metropolis of Mormonism—what a place is this! Why, this wretched vulgar little tenth-class town might just as well have been planted among the Essex marshes for anything that is picturesque or even remarkable about it!" Our Englishman had arrived in the evening by the jolting old stage-coach which rumbled last year across the mountains from the Pacific Railway-station; and his first impression, as he got into the seedy rickety little country town, was, that he must have gone astray somehow, and that this could not be Salt Lake City at all. Even the two or three groups of Indians straggling about here and there did not lend any artistic effect to the scene; for they were only filthy beggars wrapped in old sacks. You might have seen more picturesque beggary in Whitechapel or in Dublin.

Mr. Sandon was especially disappointed, for he had travelled to Salt Lake City in search of a new sensation. He was thirty-five years old, had some property and much culture; had sat in Parliament as an independent member, had spoken there with considerable success, and had been defeated at the general election. He was still young enough to arraign the decrees of Providence, and to think the whole scheme of the world was warped, and Destiny grievously to blame because things had gone wrong with him. So he became misanthropic; the sourness of the grapes he could not reach set his teeth on edge; he felt disposed to profess a Carlylean contempt for constitutional government and parliamentary institutions; he was weary of London, the Reform Club, the opera, the Star and Garter Richmond, and the Ship Greenwich. The New World promised new sensations, and he went there; saw New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago; and when the Pacific Railway was opened started for San Francisco, diverging to Salt Lake City on his way. Here, then, he is, an intelligent, honorable, manly Englishman, weary for a fresh sensation, and much disappointed because here he fails as yet to find one.

He presents no letters of introduction, and, in American phrase, merely "lounges round." He begins to be a little interested, and to feel that, after all, he is not in Essex when the Sunday comes; and he goes to hear the service and sermon in the vast Tabernacle, where eight thousand men, women, and babies are gathered under one roof, and the divine necessity and sanctity of polygamy is preached as a Christian doctrine. But he soon forgot Mormonism, Brigham Young, and every such subject, in the delight of listening to a voice that thrilled his ears and seemed to pierce his heart.

The Tabernacle boasted of a choir; and hymns were sung. The faces of the singers were not visible to our hero where he sat; but the principal voice, that of a woman, was so pure, fresh, and exquisite, that new pulses of pleasure seemed to waken in the organization of our weary London operagoer. Sweet, sad, plaintive, passionate, that voice seemed, as though if possible to soar to the very heaven and cleave it with prayer. The sorrow of a Saint Cecilia might thus have poured forth its glorious agony. For to Leslie Sandon it seemed that the voice expressed not rapture of worship, but utter anguish of remonstrance; the wild appeal of a grief which would presently change into despair. Perhaps our Londoner was in a fanciful mood; but he could not help, while he listened, imagining that he heard some captive, given over by man to the power of her enemies, raising her last pathetic impassioned appeal to Heaven. A Christian martyr might have sung in that strain, he thought, while the chains where on her wrists, and the fire was being made ready for her body.

As if to lend a positive justice to his fanciful imagining, the voice of the singer suddenly faltered and trembled, then gave a wild cry, then stopped; and there was a little commotion and stir among the choir; and Mr. Sandon presently learned that one of the singers had fainted. He could not learn who she was—people did not seem to know, or would not tell him. The Mormon men are very free generally in volunteering information to strangers, but slow in answering questions.

Sandon walked thoughtfully homeward. This little incident made somehow a deep impression on him.

This is his second day in Salt Lake City. He begins to think that perhaps, after all his disappointment, the town is not wholly commonplace, more especially when he learns that the proprietor of the hotel where he is staying—and where he pays five dollars a day!—has four wives; and that two or three of these habitually wait upon the guests, and are not too proud to hand the plates, and fan away the swarming flies which ever interpose in Salt Lake City between the cup and the lip of the traveller.

The attendants in the hotel are all women, and Mr. Sandon is especially attracted by the quiet grace and beauty of one tall, fair-haired, slender girl, whose countenance expresses intelligence and melancholy. He observes this girl closely from the first, and becomes more and more impressed by her natural grace and her sadness. As he looks up into her blue eyes he seems sometimes to see them swimming in tears. She hardly ever speaks of her own accord; but she has at last to answer a question, and then Leslie Sandon at once observes that she speaks with an English accent.

"You are English?" he says, looking up at her as she stands near his chair and hands him a cup of tea.

"Ah, yes!" is the sad reply.

"I am from England too," said Sandon.

"I knew it," the girl replied. "I knew it when I heard you speak. I have kept near you whenever I could, because—because it was so pleasant to hear the accent."

"What part of England do you come from?"

"From Barnes, in Surrey."

"Why, I too am from Surrey!" exclaimed our Briton, with delicious memories of green hills, and daisied fields, and the winding silver Thames and Wimbledon plains pouring in upon him.

"I thought you came from Surrey," said the girl. "Oh, what a sweet place it is! and how I love it!" Her voice trembled, and tears now visibly stood in her eyes.

"Have you been long here?" asked Sandon.

"Only three months,—and I wish I were in my grave! Oh, hush, please; don't say any more."

One of the wives approached, and the English damsel disappeared. Our hero was deeply interested and touched. This pretty graceful English girl, so young and sad. How had she come here? Who would not pity her?

That first conversation took place one morning at breakfast. He saw her again that day at dinner and at tea, and each time he contrived to have a few words of conversation with her. He lingered day after day at the hotel, growing more and more deeply interested in this girl, and he came gradually to know her whole story. Her father and mother had been well-to-do in farming, and she had received a good education; both parents died and left her to the care of her brother, who converted what property there was into money and emigrated to the United States; while she, Esther Lyne, was sent to make a living as assistant in a London shop. Lately her brother sent her money, and peremptorily ordered her to accompany some friends who were coming out to America to settle, as he had done, in Utah. Esther was delighted to come; a lonely life of monotonous work in London was growing almost unbearable; and although she knew her brother had settled in Utah, she had no idea whatever of his having become a Mormon. So she travelled out across the Atlantic and across the plains; and she found her brother the proprietor of the hotel in which she was acting as an attendant, and the husband of four wives. She found, too, that of all the fanatical Mormons in the town he was the most fanatical and ruthless, and that he had already made arrangements for her marriage with one of the influential elders of Salt Lake City, who desired to increase his consideration with his people by taking a seventh wife, but was anxious to please himself by choosing one who should be young and pretty. In vain the poor girl pleaded, begged, and wept; her brother knew no pity, and man's guardianship over woman is absolute in Utah. To be a slave and live with the barbarous Turk, is to be more free than to be a woman in a Mormon household. There was added to the common slavery of womanhood there this bitter special agony in Esther's case—that the girl detested the whole system in its doctrines as well as in its practices, and would have welcomed death rather than accept either. So all the power of argument, persuasion, harshness, menace—the menace even of vague and nameless dangers and punishments—was brought constantly to bear on the poor young woman, in order to force her into Mormonism. She was there alone, thousands and thousands of miles away from the land of her birth. Locked in by that awful cincture of mountain peaks, beyond which lay the desert—prisoned amid a community which spares no man or woman, but is zealous even to slaying—with those who ought to have been her protectors most rigidly set against her—is it any wonder that fate seemed inexorable to her, that she sometimes gazed desparingly into the pure azure of the glorious sky, and thought that Providence no longer looked downward on the earth? Every strong pressure of threat and suasion, every petty paltry weapon of meanness and fanatical malignity, were all employed at once to conquer the sad steady heart of that one poor child. What wonder that the kindly expressions and the genial sympathies of the English traveller touched her very soul; that she watched, and waited, and prayed for the chance of a word from him; that she looked to his departure as to the closing of the heavens against her? The very day of his arrival she had made up her mind to kill herself. She had said to her own soul that man could not help her, that Heaven would not, and that she had a right to end the agony of the present, and escape the shame of the future, by a suicide's death.

Does this seem an exaggerated picture? It is true to the life of certain sufferers in Salt Lake City. No one who knows anything of that place, and is prepared to speak the truth, will venture to deny it. There are women there who pray for death, who have as little hope or chance of an escape into freedom as a prisoner in the heart of Siberia. At least this was so before the railway crossed the plains; let us hope that at the sound of the steam-engine's shrill trumpet the walls of that detested Jericho are destined to fall.

"If no promise comes from heaven this day," said poor Esther to herself on the morning of Sandon's arrival, "I will kill myself to-night!"

That day came Mr. Sandon, and he spoke his kindly words, and the fountains of her heart were unsealed. That night she knelt beside her bed and fervently thanked heaven for having sent her a promise, and prayed to be pardoned for her evil resolve, and to be endowed with strength, hope, and courage.

There were a good many persons staying in the hotel, but they only assembled at meal-times in the regular American fashion, and during the intervals the place was usually empty of all but the proprietor, his wives, and his attendants. One day our Englishman remained in his room to write some letters, and was congratulating himself on the quiet of the house, when, from a room below, he heard a sound which, if it disturbed, likewise delighted him. It was the voice of a woman singing, and the first note made him spring from his chair.

"I should know that voice among ten thousand," he said; "it is the voice I heard in the Tabernacle on Sunday! Come what will, I will find out who the singer is! Pray heaven she be not fat and ugly, or one of mine host's wives!"

He followed the voice down-stairs, and it led him to the "ladies' parlor." He stood on the threshold a moment and listened in delight. Then he opened the door softly and looked in. There was only one person in the room—a girl, who sat at the piano. At the sound of the opening door she turned round, and Mr. Sandon saw that it was Esther Lyne.

Surprise, a little alarm, and something like gladness lighted up the girl's eyes and steeped her cheeks in crimson. Leslie Sandon went boldly into the room and stood beside her.

"I thought everybody was out," she murmured. "I sing sometimes—to please myself—when the house is free."

"Then it was you who sang in the Tabernacle on Sunday?"

"Oh yes! and I am so much ashamed—I could not help breaking down. I always sang in our little church at home; and my brother insisted that I must take part in the choir here. I never did until last Sunday, and then I tried my best to please him; but as I sang, I thought of our dear old home, where I was so happy, and which I shall never, never see any more; and I broke down. And oh, I am so wretched!"

Esther lost all control over herself, and covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

What could Sandon do? How could he avoid taking one of her hands gently in his, and trying to cheer and console her? Only his sincere respect for her womanhood, her situation, her beauty, and her sorrow, kept him from putting his arm round her waist, and drawing her to him, and kissing her.

"Can nothing be done to save you—to take you from this place?" he asked.

She shook her head sadly.

"Nothing can be done. No one—I mean no woman—situated as I am, can escape. If I could escape, I have no place to go to. I have no longer any home. I think I could even bring myself to endure this life, and remain here and work for my brother and his—his family" (she could not induce herself to say 'his wives'), "if only they would leave me to my misery, and would not force me—"

She stopped; but Sandon knew how to finish the sentence.

"You shall not be forced to marry that scoundrel!" exclaimed our impetuous Englishman. "I will go myself to the Federal camp—I will claim the protection of the United States officials for you. You shall leave this detestable place to-morrow, if you choose!"

Esther's cheek glowed once more; but she drooped again, and said very quietly,

"They will not interfere; they could not. Their position here is very difficult and dangerous, and they could do nothing for me. My brother will tell them that he is my natural guardian; that I was left in his care by my father; that I am under age. All that is true; but oh, if my poor father could only have known to what guardianship, to what a fate he was leaving me! But the Federal officers here can do nothing. There is only one way by which I can save myself from this marriage; and if all else fails—if they will force me to it—I will try that!"

She rose from her seat and stood erect, with a wild light glittering in her eyes, and the attitude of one who finds courage and confidence in very despair.

Leslie Sandon was perplexed in the extreme. The girl was so beautiful, so sweet, her fate was so cruel, her grief was evidently so genuine, that the heart of the Englishman was torn with compassion for her. Let us do him the justice to say, that he would have striven earnestly to save her had she been plain, awkward, and ignorant. But he should have been much more or much less than man had not her grace and her beauty given him a new impulse to aid her. She was a lover of music; and her voice, when she sang, was music itself. Added to all this, there was something romantic, and even mysterious, about the circumstances which had brought them together; the influence wrought on him by her voice in the Tabernacle; the impression produced upon her by the first accents of his English tongue.

The wearied Londoner had found a new sensation. He rushed at once to the office of the judge appointed over that region by the United States government. As he went along, he observed with a new and sharpened interest the aspects of the houses and the people. He had to go a little way out of the town to reach the residence of the official; and he noted that in many, many instances the houses of Mormons well-to-do in the world had grown up by successive additions and agglomerations, the owner now adding a wing on this side, and then a wing on that, and then building a sort of *succursale* at the rear, and clapping on a kind of shed somewhere else, until the whole establishment became an ungainly cluster of incongruous buildings. Sandon knew now what that meant. Each addition to the house meant another wife—a new cage for each new bird. Rather perhaps, in most cases, the original and best cage was for the newest bird; dispossessed and half-discarded favorites were relegated to the newer and ruder nests. As he passed along, too, our Briton saw many haggard, weary, slatternly women, with lack-lustre eyes and wan shapeless faces, hanging listlessly over their gates, or sitting idly in the sunlight, perhaps nursing their yelling babies—all such women looking alike depressed, degraded, miserable, hopeless, soulless. He had been in the *cretin* villages of Switzerland; and on the whole he thought the aspect of womanhood there, as, goitrous and ghastly, it gibbered and made mouths at the air and the clouds, was rather less disheartening and debased than that of womanhood in Salt Lake City. The glory of the sunset, the beauty of the mountains, the lustrous purity of the blue heavens were lost on him, appealed to his saddened eyes in vain. He saw nothing before him, around him, but human wretchedness and debasement.

"That sweet girl," he vowed to himself, "shall never suffer such a fate—never live a life of such accursed slavery—never!"

The Federal judge heard the impassioned appeal and the energetic statement of our Englishman; but he could do nothing. On Sandon's own showing, the girl was under the legitimate guardianship of her brother. No States official could interfere; and it would be a mere waste of time to apply to the Federal officer in command of the little force at Camp Douglas. There was nothing to be done. Esther's story was the story of many other girls; such things happened in Salt Lake City every day.

"Will these scoundrels be allowed with impunity actually to force this girl into marriage?" asked Sandon.

"They will not probably chain her or scourge her," said the judge; "but she is virtually a prisoner, and they will break down her spirit by a mental and moral torture which she cannot long resist. These people, sir, are pitiless, because they are fanatics, and they think they are doing right."

"Can she not escape?"

"I see no possible chance or hope. She will be constantly watched."

"But she is sometimes allowed to go out?"

"Yes, because they are satisfied that she cannot get away. That rampart of mountains, sir, has not many outlets; and Utah is a large territory. No; for a girl like her, under a guardianship apparently legitimate, there is practically no escape."

Sandon went away in grief and rage. But he soon contrived to have several stolen interviews with Esther. Lest her health should break down, her brother sometimes allowed her to go out, and our hero managed to meet her, and broached to her many futile plans for her escape. He thus lingered days and weeks in Salt Lake City, which had now become to him the most interesting place in all the world. For his new sensation had become something very unexpected indeed, and the fashionable Londoner had actually fallen in love with the poor girl from Surrey. Despite her poverty, her humble position; despite all the natural prejudices of caste and rank and habit, so dear to even the most independent Briton—the beauty, the grace, the intelligence, the goodness of this girl had unwittingly conquered him; and Esther Lyne, who hardly dared to acknowledge to her own secret heart that she loved him passionately, was one day startled, bewildered, to hear from his own lips the declaration that he passionately loved her.

Then there were some quiet confidential conferences with the Federal judge and his wife, and with one or two other "Gentiles" of the place; and Esther was so long a time absent one day when her brother permitted her to go out, that she received a stern rebuke on her return, and was told that she must not leave the house alone any more.

Mr. Sandon could not remain all his life in Salt Lake City. Already the watchful and jealous rulers of the place were wondering at his stay, and looking askant at him as he lounged through the streets. He announced one day that he was resolved to resume his westward journey next morning. He had hired a private carriage to convey him over the thirty miles or so of frightful mountain-road that divide, or did then divide, the City of the Saints from the nearest station of the Union Pacific Railway. The carriage was to leave at a very early hour in the morning.

The hour came; the carriage was at the door. It was hardly dawn; the town was silent and dark. Except in the hotel, not even the blink of a kerosene lamp was anywhere visible. There were no loungers at the door; but early as it was, the United States judge, and two or three of the officers from the camp, had kindly come to take leave of the English traveller.

The traveller paid his bills, said farewell to his friends and to the sullen landlord. Suddenly there came down-stairs, and appeared upon the scene, Esther herself, looking very flushed and handsome, wearing her hat and shawl, and quite prepared for travelling.

"Now, Esther, it is time to go," said Mr. Sandon, taking her hand. "Say farewell to your brother, and let me lead you to the carriage!"

"What the angels" (let us say) "is the meaning of this?" shouted the brother, utterly bewildered, and yet noting, in all his amazement and anger, a smile on the faces of the judge and the officers.

"It only means," replied Sandon calmly, "that Esther is my wife; that she was married to me in all due form yesterday; that I am taking her away from your tyranny and from the old brute you proposed to force upon her as a husband; and that any one who dares to interpose or tries to prevent me from taking my wife out of this place is pretty sure to receive a bullet from this revolver."

"Don't let us talk about revolvers," said the judge pleasantly; "there is no need of anything of the kind. It's all right enough, Mr. Lyne; your sister is properly married to this gentleman: I am a witness to that. You can't do anything in the matter now; even if you should feel inclined to try any appeal to the courts, that would not warrant you in attempting to detain her. Dry up; it's no use making any noise. If there is any resistance, I shall be compelled to call for the interference of those gentlemen here, the officers from the camp. Good-by, Mr. Sandon; good-by, Esther—and God bless you both!"

So Esther bade farewell, not without emotion, to her selfish and sullen brother, who was still too much amazed to know quite clearly what he was doing or saying. And her husband put her into the carriage, and took his place beside her; and the Federal officers mounted their horses and gave them safe escort for many miles; and the newly-married pair caught the train at the nearest station, and journeyed safely westward to San Francisco and the Golden Gate.

Thus did this modern Lochinvar carry off his bride; and the marriage, though made in haste, will not be repented at leisure or otherwise. In Salt Lake City, Leslie Sandon found a new sensation, saved a pure and noble life from wreck, and rewarded himself with a beautiful and loving wife.

Swindlers in the Country.

Country papers are filled with startling accounts of the operations of swindlers and agents for patent devices. Unscrupulous, artful and oily-tongued patentees and agents will call on honest men, induce them to take an agency, "*on conditions*" which are plainly stated in the note, which the farmer gives willingly—the blanks for which are already prepared, so that the *conditions* can be readily separated from the main part of the paper, leaving a perfect note in every respect. The following is a specimen:

One year after date I promise to pay A. Brown, or bearer, Ten Dollars, when I sell by order, Two Hundred and Seventy Five Dollars worth of Seeding Machines for value received, at Ten per cent. per annum, said Ten Dollars, when due, is payable at Titusville, Pa.

JOHN SMITH, *Agent for A. Brown.*

TITUSVILLE, Pa., *May 4th, 1871.*

Witness, J. R. MOORE.

Let this note be cut in two between the words "or" and "bearer," in the first line, and you find that the left-hand piece is a perfect note for $275. Having induced a farmer to accept an agency, as specified in the original note, and having obtained his signature, the sharper departs. He then cuts off the right-hand portion, and proceeds to the nearest broker or banker, to whom he offers to sell the note at a discount.

Almost any honest tiller of the soil would sign such a conditional note, as he would feel entirely secure in case any attempt were made to force a collection. We have heard of several young men who have been decoyed into such a trap within a year past, who have been prosecuted because they refused to pay the note, and have been subjected to a vast deal of trouble. Of course, such a note could not be collected legally, if the giver were to testify that the conditional part had been separated from the instrument. Let every person be exceedingly cautious about affixing his signature to any such document.—*N. Y. Observer.*

☞ THE COMMUNISTIC ERA.—Happy times! with labor planting its foot on the neck of capital, and emancipated industry taking wealth by the throat, and society blessing its new benefactors, and nobody working, and everybody playing, and the larks falling already roasted into our mouths, and the rivers running with bottled porter and draught stout, and tobacco-pipes, ready charged, springing spontaneously by the wayside, and Jack being as good as his master—rather a tarnation sight better. Oh, happy times, come quickly!—*London Punch.*

☞ One of the most amiable and gentle of men, who had hitherto borne the character of being the best of husbands, actually boasted the other evening to a friend who dropped in unexpectedly, that he had that moment *beaten his wife hollow.* The unhappy lady was found close to a chess-table.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—7000 bbls sold at from $5,00@5,25 for superfine; $5,25@5,75 for extra; $6,00@6,25 for Penna family; $6,25@7,50 for Northwest family; $6,50@7,50 for Indiana and Ohio family, and $7,75@8 50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sold at $5,50 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—30,000 bus Delaware red sold at $1,40@1,45; Western red $1,40@1,43, and amber at $1,45@1,47. Rye—Sales of 1200 bus at 90c. Corn—Sales of 100,000 bus Western mixed at 68@72c, and 20,000 bus yellow at 69@71c ₩ bus. Oats—Sales of 40,000 bus at 66@67c for white, and 64@66c ₩ bus for mixed.

PROVISIONS—Sales of mess Pork at $15@15,50 ₩ bbl. Westman's city packed extra Mess Beef at $17,50. Beef Hams $25@26. Bacon—Sales of plain sugar-cured city smoked hams at 14@15c; canvased Western at 14@16c; Excelsior hams at 15c; sides at 8½@10c, and shoulders at 7½@7¾c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 12@13c; sides at 7¾@8½c, and shoulders in salt, at 6½@6¾c. Lard—Sales at 10@10¾@c for city and Western and steam and kettle rendered. Cheese—Sales of factory at 10@12c. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 10@18c, and choice grades at 20@21c.

COTTON—500 bales of middlings sold at 20½@21½c ₩ ℔ for upland and New Orleans.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron at $32 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $13 to $18 ₩ cord for chestnut and Spanish oak.

BEESWAX—Small sales of Yellow at 33@35c ₩ ℔

FRUIT—Dried Apples and Peaches—the former may be quoted at 6½@7c, and the latter at 11@13c for halves. Green peaches sell at 50@75c ₩ basket.

HOPS—Prime continues in good request at 15@16c.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, $1,00@1.40 ₩ 100 ℔s; mixed do. $1,15@1,20; Straw, $1,25@1,30.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of 1500 tons No 1 Foundry at $25; 400 tons No. 2 at $33; and Grey Forge at $32,25 ₩ ton. Bar is worth $75, and Scotch Pig $33 @33 ₩ ton. Nails at $4,75 ₩ keg.

SEEDS—Timothy sells at $4,50@4,75.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2800 head. The prices realized from 7½@8 cents ₩ ℔. 250 Cows brought from $35 to $60 ₩ head. Sheep—17,000 head were disposed of at from 5@5½c ₩ ℔. 2650 Hogs sold at from $6,75 o $7,25 ₩ 100 ℔s.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. **Radway's Ready Relief** is a cure for every pain. It was the first and is the only pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating Pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application, in from one to twenty minutes, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease, may suffer. Price 50 cents.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a Positive Cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY, & CO.,
87 Maiden Lane, New York.

sp22-1f

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED from all parts of the body *in five minutes without injury to the skin*, by UPHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER. Sent by mail for $1.25 by S. C. UPHAM, No 106 south Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all druggists. Circulars free. may27-13t

UPHAM'S ASTHMA CURE.

Relieves the most violent paroxysms in *five minutes* and effects a speedy cure. Price $2 by mail. Address, S. C. UPHAM, 106 south Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. may27-13t

A Few Words to the Ladies.

Many ladies, particularly mothers nursing, complain of a tired, listless feeling, or complete exhaustion, on arising in the morning. On the wife and mother devolves the responsibility of regulating the duties of the household. Her cares are numerous, and the mental as well as the physical powers are frequently called into requisition. She often finds her slightest occupation a weary task and existence a burden, while at the same time she has no regular disease. HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, if resorted to at this period, will prove an unfailing remedy for this annoying lassitude. The effects of this potent agent are soon seen in the rosy cheek and elastic step of the head of the family, as with restored health and renewed spirits she takes her accustomed place in the family circle. If this friend in need be regularly used, those depressing symptoms will never be complained of, and not only would lassitude not be experienced, but many diseases following its advent be avoided. As a medical agent it has no equal, while its pleasing flavor and healthful effects have made it a general favorite. It is free from all properties calculated to impair the system, and its operations are at once mild, soothing, and efficient. All who have used the Bitters attest its virtues and commend it to use. july1-4t

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES

AND TAN, use *PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.* It is reliable and harmless. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. ap8 6m

DR. S. S. FITCH

sends his "**Family Physician,**" 90 pages, free by mail to any one. This book is to make any one their own doctor. Remedies are given for Thirty Diseases, which each person can prepare.

Send your direction to Dr. S. S. FITCH & SON, 714 Broadway, New York. may13-1y

The Prettiest Woman in New York society, last winter, was a rough-skinned, freckled-faced lass in Dayton, O., but one year ago. She used Hagan's Magnolia Balm upon her face and hands with such persistency, that her complexion became her greatest attraction. It will do the same for any one. It will obliterate Sallowness, Moth-patches, Ring-marks, Sunburn, &c., give a marble-like complexion, and perpetuate the bloom of youth for years. What the Magnolia Balm is to the complexion, Lyon's Celebrated Kathairon is to the hair. It not only beautifies the hair, but stimulates its growth, and prevents it from falling out or turning gray. All Druggists keep these articles. jy15-1m

Interesting to Ladies.

I have tested the Grover & Baker Machine in all qualities and varieties of sewing, and find it entirely satisfactory. I have used *one needle literally "through thick and thin" for two years*, without removing. I consider it superior to any other for family sewing. MRS. L. E. HOLDEN,
Euclid Ave., East Cleveland, O.

A single trial will convince the most skeptical of the efficacy of HELMBOLD'S GRAPE PILLS in Sick or Nervous Headache, Jaundice, Indigestion, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaints, General Debility, &c. No nausea, no griping pains, but mild, pleasant and safe in operation. Children take them with impunity. They are the best and most reliable. HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA creates new, fresh and healthy blood, beautifies the Complexion, and imparts a youthful appearance, dispelling Pimples, Blotches, Moth Patches and all eruptions of the skin.

Washington Irving, a great sufferer from Asthma, found relief in Whitcomb's Remedy.

HAYDN'S FIRST LOVE.

Late on a hot June afternoon, a terrible storm burst over Vienna and its charming environs. Black masses of cloud hung low and threatening; the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled with overwhelming force. At length, after long raging, the invisible giant's anger seemed to abate, his voice waxed feebler, and heavy tear drops of refreshing rain fell from his flaming eyes. By degrees the sky cleared, the twinkling stars ventured out, and at length the moon herself appeared, victorious in her mantle of light.

In a small lofty house, hidden in a narrow street, the windows and shutters remained closed. Lights burned in one of the rooms, and two female figures, clinging to each other with terror, sat in its darkest corner. They were sisters—girls of eighteen and nineteen; the only children of an industrious, respectable burgher, whose painted sign proclaimed him of the honorable guild of hairdressers. The taller of the two girls now rose, opened the shutters, extinguished the lights, and said soothingly to her sister: "Doretta, have no more childish fears. The storm is over. Come to the window, the air is so sweet and refreshing!"

The young girl complied. Doretta, the youngest, showed a head of black curly hair, a full, round face, flashing eyes, and a small, cherry-ripe mouth: her somewhat plump figure was under middle height, and her movements were full of vehemence and passion. Johanna, on the contrary, reminded one of lilies and corn-flowers—so white and delicate were her face, throat, and hands, and so deep was the blue that shone in her clear eyes. She wore the small white cap customary for burghers' daughters in the year 1759; and some powder, then so much the mode, was lightly scattered over her rich golden brown locks. After a pause, her gentle voice was again heard.

"Where can Haydn be all this time? He is generally at home long before now. May the Blessed Mother of Mercy have given him safe refuge during the raging of the storm!"

Doretta answered nothing, but her breast heaved and her dark eyes strove to pierce the dim distance. Just then entered the honest burgher and hairdresser, Keller, a small active man, with sharp features, and restless though kindly gray eyes. In one hand he held a bushy periwig, over which he shook some powder.

"Why, children!" he exclaimed, "hasn't that young fellow, our lodger, yet returned? He is not in his attic, and I thought he must be with you. It's a queer thing how that wild musician has found his way to my heart. I vex myself as much about him as if he were my own son; and if I did not do so, my girls would. Heaven knows, he has bewitched us all. Is it not true?" concluded he, laughing.

A charming blush was Johanna's only answer. Doretta murmured some inaudible words, threw back her head haughtily, and turned away from the window.

"Where on earth is the queer fellow loitering?" continued the father, after a moment's thoughtful silence. "Perhaps that old Italian singing-master—what's his name? Porpet—"

"Porpora, papa," gently interposed Johanna.

"Well, Porpora, if you like, has carried him off again to copy music. All that Haydn does for those music people and for his own pupils, is scarcely to be believed. I think he would clean the boots of that 'Meister' Gluck, of whom he makes so much fuss, if he would only play for him a bit. But with all his receivings here and there, nothing brings him in a single kreutzer. Yet, do you ever see that it troubles the young fellow? Has he ever a care-worn, downcast look? On the contrary, he walks in at the door with such a face, that one might think our most gracious emperor had just presented him with the whole empire. And then always those same merry eyes! I declare, when that young man comes in and says 'Good morning' to me, it is just as if he threw a bunch of flowers on my heart, and I must control myself not to embrace him. Children! I tell you Almighty God has some special providence over Joseph Haydn. Either he will do something wonderful on earth, or he will soon die. But one of the two will certainly happen."

Scarcely had these prophetic words left the thin lips of the eager speaker, when Joseph Haydn stood on the threshold. His thin clothes and light brown hair were dripping wet, while every limb trembled with cold and damp. Still, he drew up his slight figure as if triumphantly, and on his sweet child-like countenance shone such a light of feverish joy, that Johanna ran to him in terror.

"Haydn!" she asked with a trembling voice, "what ails you? What has happened?"

"Something wondrous, dearest Johanna," answered the excited youth; "something too beautiful! just listen!" So saying, he drew them forcibly into the middle of the room, and continued with passionate eagerness. "I promised Meister Porpora yesterday to be with him this evening at seven o'clock. At that hour I made all haste, but did not find him at home. After waiting in vain for his return, I left, and strolled out beyond the gates. The weather was oppressive; not a breath of air; not a bird to be seen; the flowers bent their little heads; the trees scarce breathed. Then looking up I perceived the Hand of the Creator drawing nigh, heard the low mutterings of His thunder, and hastened my steps. While hurrying down a side street, I suddenly heard the full notes of a magnificent piano. I pressed close to the wall immediately under the open window from whence those sounds issued, and what I there heard cannot be described in words. A wondrous, giant-like soul revealed itself, amid thunder, storm, and lightning, and struggled, fought, wrestled unceasingly and victoriously through all the terrors of nature—all that wild uproar of the elements in the lofty firmament of heaven. It was the sublime Meister Gluck who played, inspired by the tempest. When he ended, all around had become still and clear. I saw the towering figure bend from the window. I knew the noble earnest countenance, the deep, thinking eyes wandering searchingly in the far, far distance; grand thoughts of future marvellous creations filling his mind at the moment. As for me, with tears of delight, I crept slowly home to you, heart and soul filled with rapture. And now I must lie down a little, for the torrents of rain may perhaps have given me cold. I am shivering, and yet my hands burn like fever."

"Yes, dear child, haste and take off your clothes," said old Keller, anxiously; "and then at once into bed. Johanna must see after a glass of spiced wine for you."

The girl, too deeply moved by Haydn's recital to utter a syllable, rose up, and nodding assentingly to her father—cast one tender glance at the youth as he left the room.

Next day Joseph Haydn lay there in the delirium of fever. The learned physician, with his crooked peruke and green spectacles, first declared it to be only cold; but on the third day he shook his head thoughtfully, and announced that the ninth might bring a very dangerous crisis. Yard-long plasters and entire jars of medicine were showered on the poor invalid. All in vain; Joseph Haydn would neither recover health nor consciousness, but lay there motionless, raving, with burning cheeks and a rapturous smile telling of Heavenly harmonies and singing angels. The beautiful Johanna would sit for hours crying beside his sick couch and wringing her delicate hands in bitter anguish. Doretta would sometimes slip into the chamber, and without one compassionate word, cast devouring looks at the invalid; and then, frowning gloomily, would leave the room in haste. Father Keller wandered about disconsolately, powdered all the perukes badly, and neglected to serve his best customers. "Remember my prophecy," he would say, with a doleful voice, to his eldest daughter; "you see he *must* die."

And now the dreaded ninth day drew nigh, and there certainly was a change in the sick man. All color vanished from his lips and cheeks, and in its place came a death-like paleness; his breath grew shorter and feebler, and near and nearer rustled the wings of the Angel of Death.

"This night life will leave the body, or I don't deserve to call myself a follower of the learned Esculapius!" said the wise physician, with an important air.

Johanna heard his words, and a cold terror seized her. Half unconscious with despair and anguish, she hurried to her secluded chamber, and there threw herself before a little picture of the Madonna. "Holy Queen of Heaven!" she cried, "oh, let my beloved recover! If there *must* be a sacrifice, accept me! Take my blooming life. Behold, I vow to dedicate myself to Thy service for ever, to become a pious nun, and take the veil. Hear me! Accept my vow! Oh, have compassion on my sorrow! Send health to the sufferer! Save, oh save the dying."

As she thus prayed in the unutterable agony of her tortured spirit, she raised her eyes, and it seemed to her as if the flowers in the vase before the picture, which a moment before had bent their withered heads, now bloomed freshly, and smiled on her. A delicious joy possessed her innocent, believing soul.

"Dearest father," she said, when alone with him that evening, "if our Haydn recovers, I will fulfill my sainted mother's wish, and will take the veil in the convent of St. Ursula. I made a vow to-day to God and the Holy Virgin!"

But he only sighed, and answered,

"My sweet child, your compliance comes too late; his life is almost gone, the doctor says."

However, Joseph Haydn did recover, in spite of the doctor. His happy eyes and child-like laugh came back again, and also by degrees his increased strength.

Who now so happy as the lovely Johanna? Did not her secretly loved one sit all day long with them in their cosy room, while she might tend him with sisterly care, and draw his couch in to the sunny window, or lay fresh roses in his feeble hands? Did not every grateful look from those clear eyes belong to her—every smile of that beloved mouth; and who so proud as she when messengers from grand ladies and gentlemen came with anxious inquiries after the health of young Hayda? Did not old Porpora himself, with his dark brown wrinkled face and great fiery eyes, visit the young musician? But how mild and tender he grew when he saw the weak, pale youth, who could scarcely stretch out a hand in greeting! How lovingly sounded his pitiful "Poveretto!" Then when alone with Johanna, how happily he spoke of his delight of having intercourse with such masters, and of his heaven-soaring plans and aspirations. Now and then he would compose a little; and many a charming sonata, joyous quartett, and thrilling "liendchen" blossomed in that room under Johanna's blue eyes. She, poor girl, fought a hard battle in her heart's depths, for now her beloved showed all the clear purity of his soul—love beamed in those bright eyes and vibrated in his every word. How often in solitude she thought of the gloomy convent walls, and wept bitter tears and wrung her hands, overwhelmed with the double burden of her bliss and that hard vow; and sadly she felt how Doretta daily estranged herself from her, although she could discover no motive for such alienation. Her young sister looked pale and gloomy, and often secluded herself in her little chamber.

One evening, while the whole family was assembled, there came a great document for "The young musician, Joseph Haydn," from the noble Count Morzin. It was a formal nomination to the post of music director at the Count's private chapel. "This is only a proof of my gratitude," he wrote, "for the exquisite symphony in D major, which my dear, clever Haydn lately composed for my chapel."* Haydn clasped his hands, exclaiming, with deep emotion, "Oh, Thou merciful God, how I love Thee! How I will sing Thy praises all my life long!" Then, bending his radiant eyes on his weeping sweetheart, he murmured rapturously: "Johanna, my adored, now I may tell you all; now we may be happy!"

Doretta suddenly left the room, but Johanna flung herself before her lover, and stretching her slender arms despairingly to heaven, cried in heartrending tones: "Joseph, Joseph! cast those sweet dreams from you. For us blooms no happy love on earth. We must part—part for this world—for I have vowed to take the veil at the end of this year!"

So saying, she hastened from the room, while Father Keller pressed the half-fainting Haydn to his bosom, and, amid sobs, told him the irreclaimable vow of that most loving heart.

As Johanna, with trembling footsteps, crept to the chamber, there to wrestle in secret prayer for fresh strength in this terrible ordeal, she heard a faint noise in her lover's attic. A strange presentiment flashed upon her; her strength returned; she almost flew noiselessly up the stairs, and there saw, through a half-opened door, her sister, who had just torn open a window and swung herself on the narrow parapet, evidently with the intention of throwing herself down. One cry escaped Johanna's lips, but in the same moment she was at the window, and, with the quickness of lightning, had dragged away the terrified offender.

A few months after this scene a lovely young nun took the veil in the convent of St. Ursula, and received the name of Mary. Two days later the music director, Joseph Haydn, celebrated his quiet wedding with Doretta Keller.

The farewell between Haydn and his adored Johanna was deeply moving. As the almost heartbroken youth promised the pious enthusiast, out of love to her, and for the sake of the love which Doretta felt for him, to be her (Doretta's) faithful husband, he also, with touching emotion, spoke of the debt which by this union would, at least in part, be repaid to his fatherly friend and host. Then the two lovers kissed each other for the first and last time.

"Be true to your holy Muzika," sobbed the lovely girl, with breaking heart; "but also do not forget me, and have patience with Doretta! This day year—not sooner—come to the grating; do not speak a word; only look at me quietly. If you are happy with your wife, carry a fresh bouquet in your hand; but if you are not, then, Joseph, dear, beloved Joseph, show me the withered remains of these white and now so lovely rosebuds, my parting gift. And now, fare thee well, adored of my heart! God and all His saints be with you!"

A year had passed away. One morning a young slight man appeared before the grating of the Ursula convent, and asked for Sister Mary. A delicate bent figure tottered in and turned on him a countenance of marble whiteness, alas! unutterably weary and tear-stained, amid the waving folds of a nun's veil. Haydn with difficulty recognized his once blooming Johanna. Silently, with burning tears, he drew out a withered rosebud, which he raised and fervently kissed. The sick nun sighed heavily, and, pressing her forehead to the grating, gazed on the loved one with deep searching eyes. His still retained their splendid bright blue, but the laughing, child-like joy had vanished forever, and faint lines of secret care, invisible to all eyes save those of love, gathered round the tender mouth. Sister Mary looked long and earnestly, while his eyes fixed themselves so firmly on her features as if they could not leave them. Then the two, with one silent loving greeting, parted—forever on earth. A week later they buried the young nun.

Did Haydn, the ever young, bright, splendid Haydn, whose delicious melodies are like balmy flowers, forest-green, sunbeams, and spring breezes to our eyes and lives; whose glad songs praised the Creator of goodness on high, and His wondrous world beneath; did he keep this first love in remembrance to the end of his life of love and blessings? Did that heart—amid the barren desert of unhappy, childless wedlock—still dream of loving and being loved?* Take the enchanting "Seasons" in your hand!—remember that Joseph Haydn was 60 years old when those radiant creations of his genius burst forth; and comfort your doubting minds with the refreshing picture of the loves of "Hannchen and Lucas."

*Doretta Haydn, the youngest daughter of hairdresser Keller, died in 1800.

*This was only a temporary appointment, for in the following year Haydn was made capellmeister to Prince Esterhazy at a salary of 400fl.

HOW BELLA KEPT FAITH WITH HER LOVER.

For five years or so the friends of Bella Besant had been trying to persuade her that she did not care for George Chevron, and George Chevron was not near to persuade her to the contrary.

The poet has said, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," but the French proverb (founded on the experience of every-day life) tells us that the absent are always more abused than the present company, and certain it is that George's few failings were made to show out very glaringly against the background of perfections exhibited by the characters of those cavaliers who were near at hand; for Bella lived in Philadelphia, and George went to California, five years before this story begins, to fill a place in his uncle's house of business, and Bella had promised to go out to him when he should send for her.

The sixth anniversary of their engagement was close at hand when Bella received one of George's ardent letters, begging her to come out to him forthwith, telling her what his salary now was, and how much he had put by, and demonstrating with much success that his beloved Bella was going to make a good match as far as worldly advantages went.

"My uncle," he wrote, "is so averse to my going out to fetch you, that, though my heart has been set upon doing so all these long years of waiting, I must give up the plan in deference to his decidedly expressed wishes."

"I'm sure I wish you'd give up the plan of going out to him in deference to my wishes," said Bella's sister-in-law, with whom she had lived since childhood. "You might marry here, and be so comfortable."

Bella burst into tears.

"Don't tempt me!" she sobbed. "Oh, please don't tempt me! I could not be so dishonorable to George now, when he has been saving up for me all this time, and thinking of nothing else, and looking forward so to seeing me! I must go!"

"My dear," said Mrs. Besant, picking up poor George's letter, which had fluttered from Bella's trembling hand to her sister-in-law's feet—"my dear, he would soon get over his disappointment. I knew a lady who sent word to the man she had been engaged to for several years that she had a 'revulsion of feeling,' and could not marry him. He married some one else within six months."

But Bella was firm, and sat down to write and tell Chevron that she would sail in two month's time, for this was before the great railroad was finished, if she could get an escort. In less than a month she had fretted herself to the thinness of the proverbial weasel, and Mrs. B— took advantage of a moment of weakness, and persuaded her to write and tell George that she had put off her journey for another three months.

Her friends, who loved her well, feted her to such an extent that she had hardly time to think of her approaching departure, but her affection for those who thus made much of her was strengthened by these proofs of their regard, and in the pauses between the revels held in her honor her eyes were often filled with tears, and her heart with heaviness.

One day, about three weeks before the date on which the vessel was to sail that would bear her to her lover, her friend, Clara Beude, came into her sitting-room "all of a fluster," as Clara herself would have expressed it.

"Bella, you've made a conquest," she said. "Do you remember at the amateur concert saying to me that the man who stood and stared so (at me you said) was the handsomest man you had ever seen?"

"To be sure I remember it," said Bella, coloring. "I am not likely to forget him. I see him every day somewhere, standing in picturesque attitudes, stroking his moustache. What of him?"

"Why, only this—Charlie brought him to our house yesterday. Gerald Saltire is his name, and he really is the most agreeable person! Charlie says he knew him here years ago, and they seem quite intimate. He spent all the evening with us, and I don't know whether you will be offended, but he asked to be introduced to you, and we promised to bring him with us to-night to your ball."

"Why on earth should I be offended?" asked Bella, smiling, although she colored again. "You have brought many a stranger to us, to our parties, and have we ever been offended?"

"No, but in this case," said Clara hesitatingly—"in this case it is different; but I dare say it's all right."

Miss Clara had said more than she meant to say, and felt quite sure that if her brother Charlie had heard her he would be very cross with her for this unnecessary babble. She made an effort to change the conversation, but Bella kept to it steadily.

"How do you mean it is different in this case?" she asked.

"Well," said Clara, "he seemed to make so much of getting introduced to you that I said to him something about your being engaged to be married, and about your going away so soon from us to Mr. Chevron, and he said with a kind of defiant look that he must and would be introduced by some one, and so on. Of course he laughed when he said it, but he looked—his eyes looked—very determined, and as if he'd introduce himself if he couldn't get to speak to you by any other means. Somehow," said Clara timidly, "he put me in mind of that dear Ruy Gomez, in *Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady*."

Bella was startled; for she had thought the same thing for a day or two, and had better reasons for thinking it than Clara had. Ever since the amateur concert, ten days ago, she had seen Saltire every day, and at all hours of the day. He was at the corner of the street when she mounted her horse, and there again when she dismounted; at the theatre the night she went, and among the crowd assembled to see a certain picture then exhibiting; visible from her windows when she stayed at home, and apparently close to her when she went out, for she met him at every turn. Once he picked up the portemonnaie she dropped coming out of a shop; she saw him stoop, and hurriedly passed on to the carriage, leaving Mrs. Besant to receive the portemonnaie and give the thanks. And now he had cleverly contrived a plan to get introduced to her, and she would probably have to dance with him that very evening. She was fond of little Clara, but knew that she could not be trusted not to chatter; so she told her nothing of these frequent meetings with Mr. Saltire, and replied lightly to her remark about Ruy Gomez.

"It is you who have a 'faint heart,'" she said, laughing. "I am sure by your manner that in spite of Mr. Saltire's unwarrantable expression of his admiration for me (for I suppose you mean me to understand that he professes to admire me) you would allow yourself to fall into one of your fits of hopeless attachment. I must confess that you would not be altogether to blame if you admired him, for he is tolerably good-looking; and if Charlie vouches for his respectability, it is of course all right. Bring him by all means, and don't come too early, for we shall keep it up very late, and I want Charlie to be quite fresh for the final galop, which he and I have sworn to dance together."

Miss Beude and her cavaliers were not the last comers to the Besant ball, but the rooms were well filled when they arrived. If that was a deep blush that mounted to Miss Besant's fair cheek and brow upon being introduced to Mr. Saltire, what can we call the color that flew to his dark face as he bowed before her? Bella had the reputation of being a gracious-mannered maiden, but on this occasion she bestowed neither word nor glance on the handsome stranger, but turning to Charlie Beude, who had captured her card, whispered hurriedly—

"Put your name in the three blank spaces."

"Most willingly," he replied, and filled up two of the little lines with his scrawl, but paused as he began to write on the third, and ran his eye over the card. "But I say, Bella, there's no place left for—"

His glance indicated Saltire, who stood near waiting to ask for a dance.

"Oh, pray do as I ask you, Charlie," said Bella, almost stamping with impatience.

Considerably amazed by her manner, to judge by his elevated eyebrows, Charlie complied, returned the card, and went away to find a partner for the next dance. Saltire approached.

"May I have the honor of putting my name down for a dance?" he said, with an amount of—what he called savagely to himself afterwards—*gaucherie* in his manner that covered him with confusion.

"Unfortunately my card is filled up," said Bella stiffly; "but I can introduce you to several—"

"Thank you, Miss Besant, I would rather not tempt fortune further; Beude may by this time have filled up other cards as deftly as he filled yours."

"The filling up of my card doesn't depend on Mr. Beude's autograph," said Bella, melting a little from her iciness, because she thought she had been rude to Charlie's friend.

"You cannot suppose I thought that," said Saltire; and, gravely bowing, he left her.

"Bella, my good friend," said Charlie when he came up for his dance, "what possessed you to snub Saltire so palpably? What reason can there be for——"

"I can but say I'm sorry for having been rude to any friend of yours," she said hastily. "His coming at all was a mistake; in short, the whole thing has distressed me."

"Fancy dignifying a simple introduction by the title of 'the whole thing!'" said Charlie, laughing.

"No, not that only. I think the way in which he stands about and watches—but I don't see the use of spoiling the evening in talking about disagreeable things—let us dance while we may."

* * * * *

The weeks that intervened between the ball and the sailing of the steamship flew rapidly by, and Bella never once set eyes on Saltire, although—almost unconsciously—she looked for him several times.

For two days Bella's fellow travellers saw her not. She was an excellent sailor; but the pang of parting from those she loved, and from the home of years, had been sharp and she needed time and solitude to recover the tone of her spirits. There was little consolation to be got out of the fact that she was going to be married to the man of her choice, for her love for him had now become only a vague kind of regard that she told herself she must always feel for one so faithful and so adoring as George had shown himself to be. On the third day of the voyage she bethought herself of shaking off her depression and mixing among her kind, and accordingly appeared at dinner. She looked pale and hollow-eyed, which was not surprising; but as she bravely joined in the conversation, and laughed at the jokes freely indulged in by one or two of the party, she was pronounced by all to be a very nice girl. Mrs. Shield, her chaperone, a good natured but not very refined matron, gave her an account during dinner of each of her fellow passengers, their names and professions, and what they were going out for. She finished her account in these words:—

"And at the end of the table, on our side (so that I can't see him at dinner, I'm sorry to say,) is such a handsome man—Mr. Saltire. He is the most agreeable man on board, as well as the best looking, and I am quite sure you will like him very much."

"I am sure I shall not," said Bella hastily, and reddening to the roots of her hair.

"Lor, my love, why not? How do you know?"

Bella considered for a moment whether or no she should tell her chaperone of Saltire's apparent dogging of her steps, and what Clara had said about his admiration. As she was sure to be questioned about her coldness of manner to him (she meant to be cold, come what might of it!) she thought she had better speak out at once, and under cover of the noise going on around her she told Mrs. Shield how he had appeared near her at all times and seasons every day for a fortnight or more, and finished her story with an account of the scene at the ball. Mrs. Shield was highly amused.

"It is so unlike you, my dear, to fancy people are in love with you, that I am sure Mr. Saltire's conduct must have been such as to warrant your entertaining the notion. But I know for a fact that he has been in love for some years with a lady of our acquaintance, and is now going home sorely disappointed."

"Has she refused him, then?"

"Well, I can't say; I know there is a hitch somewhere; I could not question him closely."

"Of course not; but why his anxiety to be introduced, and to come to our dance?"

"There were other ladies there besides you."

"Certainly," said Bella, laughing. "And you mean to say that the beloved one was there? Do you know her name?"

"My dear, fancy the indiscretion of asking him!"

"And, Mrs. Shield, he left directly I refused to dance with him."

"Because you didn't see him is no proof that he had left."

"No, certainly, but—"

"I do believe the child would be glad to prove he was in love with her," said Mrs. Shield, looking curiously into her face.

Bella never felt so angry in her life as at this moment, partly with Mrs. Shield for the insinuation, and partly with herself for being unable to be glad that she had mistaken the meaning of Saltire's conduct.

But notwithstanding Mrs. Shield's insinuations that his heart was given to another, and that he had no thoughts of Bella, that young lady judged it prudent to be on the safe side, and steadily kept to the line of conduct she had marked out for herself. She was coldly polite in her answers when he addressed her (which was but seldom,) but she listened with delight to his conversation with others, and admired his talents, and was only too sensible of the charm of his manner. She was careful not to exhibit any signs of the interest she took in his conversation and accomplishments, but she was quick to perceive how intently he listened to every remark of hers, however trivial, and how, when he was having his low-voiced conversations with Mrs Shield, his great dark eyes were forever turning towards herself. She longed intensely to know what these long whispered conversations were about, but was too high-souled to inquire, for she knew that Mrs. Shield would betray his secrets directly with but a small amount of pressing. Was it true (she often wondered) that he had loved for years, or was he only imposing on Mrs. Shield, that she might calm her (Bella's) mind upon the subject of his supposed pursuit of herself, with this story of a prior attachment?

"We are due in San Francisco the day after to-morrow," said Mrs. Shield, as they sat in the little space that Bella called her "bedroom." "I must say I should like to have presented you to your California friends looking little less like one of Pharaoh's lean kind. I don't know what Mr. Chevron will think."

"He will think I am much altered from what I was at seventeen," said Bella, smiling. "I have no doubt that he is altered from what he was at nineteen. The photograph I had of him two years ago was—"

"Was he only nineteen when you were engaged?" interrupted Mrs. Shield. "Good gracious! Was he handsome?"

"I thought him so then."

"My dear," said Mrs. Shield gravely, "don't marry him if you don't love him when you see him. These arrangements between such young people ought never to be permitted, especially when long absences are inevitable. At five-and-twenty a man is very often totally different in all respects to what he was at nineteen, and a woman of your age is not as lightly won as a girl of seventeen."

"In one respect at least I *know* George has not altered—in his love for me. No, Mrs. Shield, if George loves me as I am, I will marry him. A man under these circumstances would be accounted dishonorable if he did not fulfill his engagement, however much his love may have been weakened, and what is dishonorable in a man is dishonorable in a woman. Perhaps I shall fall in love with him again when I see him," she said, smiling; "at all events, I shall try to do so."

The next day Bella was sitting on deck, and to her great surprise Saltire came and took his place beside her. Politeness forbade her rising immediately, but she determined to do so at the first opportunity.

"Mrs. Shield has told you," he said abruptly, "that I am coming back a disappointed man. She led you to believe that I did not follow you and seek an introduction to you for your own sake, but for that of

another. She led you to believe what was not true. It is you that I love."

"Mr. Saltire," said Bella, rising and speaking with dignified firmness, in spite of the throbbing of her heart, "you knew from the moment you became acquainted with the Beudes that I was engaged to be married. Under such circumstances it is not right to persecute me with your attentions. I will not listen."

"Have I persecuted you with my attentions during the voyage?" he said vehemently. "Have I so much as picked up your glove or handkerchief, or handed you a book? Even when crossing the Isthmus, did I not give place to others? I have never asked you to listen to me till now," he proceeded more calmly; "but now you will, for it is the last time I shall ask you to do so, and I am not going to tease you with complainings. I have nothing to complain of, I suppose?"

Bella sank down again on the bench, faint and miserable, and Saltire stood beside her, pale and resolute, while the sailors passed and repassed about their business, and several of the passengers looked at them occasionally from a distance.

"There is one man at least in the world as wretched as I am," said Saltire, after a moment's pause. "Do not be offended with me, Miss Besant, when I name Chevron."

"Mrs. Shield has betrayed me," thought Bella.

"Pray say nothing," said Saltire, checking her as she was about to speak. "You may think I have no right to mention him, but I must—I will—I will tell you," he went on, fixing his eyes on her downcast face, and speaking with sudden rapidity and vehemence; "I will tell you what he ought to say when you meet him. He should say, 'Bella, for six years you have been the one hope of my life, the end for which I worked, the prize for which I strove, the poetry that brightened the prose of my existence, the absolute queen of every hope, and thought, and desire. It would have been better if, being a queen, you had told me I was working in vain; that the prize could never be mine, that you were keeping it to give it to another, perhaps. It would have been more merciful if you had not left your faithful servant to learn the bitter fact for himself, and at a moment when his hopes were highest. For it is bitter to learn that the strivings of years have been in vain, that the longings of a passionate heart can never—'"

His voice broke off abruptly, and the uncompleted sentence closed with a sound like a sob. While he was struggling for calmness Bella moved away, but presently returning to where he stood looking over at the water, she laid her hand on his shoulder.

"George Chevron," she said very gently, "was it fair to spy upon me so?"

He could not yet command his voice so as to be able to speak steadily, and after a moment's hesitation she left him, and was seen no more until dinner time. That meal being over she came to him as he stood, pale, miserable, and desperate, on the same spot they had occupied in the morning. She spoke first.

"I should never have recognized you had you not spoken as you did; I recognized something in your voice. Your black moustache and beard, and your increase of height, effectually disguised you from one who has not seen you for six years. Will you tell me how it was that you came over, after saying that you could not come to fetch me?"

She sat down, and he, gazing into the sea, spoke.

"I intended to tell you that and several other things this morning, and will only too gladly tell you now. Immediately after I had sent my letter to you, asking you to come to me, I had a visit from William Beude, who had just arrived in San Francisco. He and I had been chums in the old days, and he told me that there was a strong party at home against my interest with you, and upon my pressing him with questions, he admitted that the strong party was likely to have its own way. Under these circumstances I urged my uncle to put no obstacles in the way of my going out, and I arrived in Philadelphia a month or so after you had my letter. I had seen you many times before I attracted your attention at the amateur concert, and I had observed with pleasure that although you were sought after wherever you went, you never seemed to be engaged in any flirtation; but although this was gratifying, I, made suspicious by William's report, was uneasy about the look of melancholy your face wore when you were not speaking and fancied yourself unobserved, and agonized by the idea of keeping you to an engagement you disliked, and equally agonized by the thought of giving you up, I conceived the plan of putting my fate to the touch by somewhat theatrical means. It was necessary to take some one into my confidence to carry out my scheme, and Charlie Beude, although he used many arguments against my intension of becoming Gerald Saltire, strengthened my resolve to woo you again, and as a stranger, by frankly acknowledging that he had good reason to believe that your heart was no longer George Chevron's. You know how miserably my plans have failed, and how Saltire's attempts to woo you have but widened the breach between you and me. Never can I forget my feelings when at the moment of your refusal to dance with me, I saw upon your face a look that told me that no devotion of mine to your every wish could ever recommend me to you, could ever win from you even one kind look. As a last despairing effort I took passage in this ship, and enlisted Mrs. Shield on my side; but the result is that you land in San Francisco a free woman, and if, as is but natural, you blame me for having thus brought you from your home, I can but plead as a reason for your forgiveness the love of years which the events of the last two months have wrought up into a despairing passion. I ask your forgiveness, Bella, and would, if I could do so calmly, tell you how I thank you for your high-souled determination to keep faith with me."

"Mrs. Shield recommended you to me as a man who had loved and been disappointed; perhaps she thought it might make me regard you more kindly; but it was only another reason—"

She paused, and there was a short silence, broken by Bella.

"You have told me a long story, Mr. Chevron; let me tell you one—and forgive me if I pain you during the recital. Among the men I have lately met, there is one I could have preferred before the rest, had I not been forbidden by honor to think of him. I have beaten back the thoughts of him when they would rise in my heart by remembrances of what I owed to you; I have, by my coldness, kept him at a distance, when I was longing to give some answer to the pleading of his eyes; I have feigned indignation at the idea of his daring to love me, when my love for him has been struggling wildly with my faith to you. George, you are not the only one who has suffered during these wretched months."

Bella paused, for she was agitated, and lifting up her blue eyes, softened by tears just ready to fall, although a smile played upon her lips, she said—

"Do me a kindness, George—bring him here to me?"

The word "Heartless!" sprang to George's lips, but he restrained his indignation, determined to go through the cruel martyrdom as steadily as Bella had striven to keep her faith. He rapidly ran over in his mind the names of their fellow-passengers, and wondered which of them it could be.

"Certainly, Miss Besant," he said, coldly; "but it is necessary that I should first know his name."

"Oh! I had forgotten you did not know," said Bella. "His name is supposed to be Saltire?"

"God bless you, Bella—then you really do love me—me?"

"You—and you only;" said Bella, softly.

DENE HOLLOW.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF

"EAST LYNNE," &c.

[The advance sheets of this story have been purchased of Mrs. Wood for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER III.

SENT TO THE TRAILING INDIAN.

Monday morning. The week seemed to be inaugurating itself rather gloomily for some of the inmates of Beechhurst Dene. At least, if the countenances of my Lady Lydia and Captain Clanwaring might be any criterion. Gloomy enough was the aspect of each, in all conscience; cross too. My Lady was sitting a little back from the library window, in the shade of the delicate green brocade curtain. The room was as charming as it used to be: renovated from time to time, the prevailing features and colors of its furniture were always retained.

Gazing on outer things as one who sees them not, was Captain Clanwaring. A suspicion of frost lay on the grass of the park, the trees looked bare and bleak. He had been telling Lady Lydia once again that he *must* have money, and immediately; and she had returned him the same answer as on Christmas Day—that she did not see how it would be possible. In truth he had more need of it than even his mother knew—for he did not tell her of various little items that were pressing him amidst greater ones. They were passing through his own mind as he stood. Major Fife's visit on Christmas Day, independent of partaking of a good Christmas dinner, was to press Jarvis for a certain debt of honor, lost to him in London. The major had made the journey from London to Worcester to get it: and was staying there at a great cost at the Hop-pole. Jarvis was owing some money up at Black's at the Trailing Indian, and *that* was pressing. Miss Emma Geach's appearance in the privet-walk on Christmas night was, in point of fact, owing to this: she was waiting in the hope of seeing Captain Clanwaring—in spite of her plausible excuse to Tom. About these two items of debt he said nothing to my lady: but rather enlarged on certain claims he owed in town, and the terrible embarrassment *they* brought him. Which was only too true.

Jarvis Clanwaring was one of those men who cannot, or will not, keep out of debt. His tastes and pursuits were of a nature that must inevitably bring debt in their train to a poor man—ay, and to a rich one. As to curbing his inclinations—his expensive horses, his fine clothes, his dinners, his betting, his gambling—such a course never entered his mind. Where was the good of having a baronet for a grandfather, who must possess pots of money laid by, unless he was of use to you, the Captain was in the habit of arguing with his friends. There was only he who wanted help. Young Dene and Charley had money enough of their own. Otto made what he earned at his profession do for him, did not spend a fraction more, and troubled nobody. Jarvis's private opinion was, that Otto must live upon five shillings a day. Perhaps he did. Close, prudent, hard-working, Otto Clanwaring was the one to make both ends meet, however small the means might be. Jarvis had once got twenty pounds out of him. Driving down to Old Square one day in a friend's carricle, Jarvis had told a tale of some temporary need for twenty pounds; and Otto let him have the sum, relying on his promise of honor to bring it back on that day week. "Sly dog, that Otto; he's putting by already," was Jarvis's comment—and he had never repaid the money from that day to this. Otto had left off asking him for it. Jarvis had had money from young Dene more than once: "bled him," he called it. Dene had grown wary now, and refused to lend another stiver: he was not yet of age, and only had his allowance. In short all sources seemed closed to Jarvis, except Sir Dene's. Sir Dene had helped him so much in response to open applications, that he would lend no more. In point of fact, he had helped him far more than he had any suspicion of, through the contrivances of Lady Lydia. That lady would get money from Sir Dene—ostensibly for herself, for Otto, for Louisa Letsom. It was always for one or the other, as she told Sir Dene: whereas, in point of fact, every coin went into the yawning pocket of Jarvis. There seemed to be no end to it, Sir Dene had recently told her—and added that he strongly suspected she must be assisting her elder son in secret. So my lady might well assure the captain that for the present she was unable to do more. It was not at all a bright state of affairs, and each one tacitly acknowledged it to the other, on that wintry morning.

"Jarvis, it is as I have told you," spoke Lady Lydia. "You must make play with Mary Arde."

"And don't I do it—and mean to do it?" fractiously retorted Jarvis: who was just as undutiful to his mother in manner and speech, as it is the pleasure of some of these spoilized and indulged sons to be. "I shall go in for her now in earnest."

"Of the twenty thousand pounds that will be hers on her wedding-day, ten of it will be settled on her; ten will go to her husband, if he be a man they like—Mrs. Arde told me so much. Some of that loose ten thousand will set you straight."

Set him straight! Ay. Jarvis Clanwaring drew a deep breath and his face took a bright look as he thought of it. The mines of Golconda could hardly have seemed to him fairer and richer.

"Twenty thousand pounds on her wedding-day, and a large provision for life besides," continued Lady Lydia. "Of course Mary will come in for the Hall as well, and for the whole of her father's fortune. A prize worth striving for, Jarvis."

Yes. Jarvis felt it to his heart's core. And he liked Mary for herself besides. A prize worth any strife, any sacrifice.

"I shall not let her slip, you may rest assured," he said aloud. "But, don't you see that I must contrive to go on smoothly until that time comes? Were my embarrassments to leak out, old Arde might fight shy of me."

She did see it. Looking up at Jarvis, she told him she saw it.

"Well then—for that reason, if for no other, I must have money."

"It is all very well to say 'must,' Jarvis. But how?"

He turned from the window in some agitation, lifting his hand to give emphasis to his words.

"Mother! As surely as that you and I are talking here together—as surely as that we shall eat our dinner to-day—as surely as that we shall some time *die*, what I say is truth: if I do not get money between now and this day week, some inconvenient things will come out to the world. I cannot put it more forcibly."

"What things?"

"What things! Why, obligations that I owe. Liabilities. Debts."

"You have been frightfully imprudent, Jarvis."

"A man of the world is obliged to be," carelessly remarked the captain. "But a steady-going dromedary like old Arde might not allow for that. I think he'd not. Once let him get an inkling of the state of my exchequer, and I fancy he would cut up rough."

"He and Mrs. Arde both like you, Jarvis. She especially does."

"And to retain their liking, I must keep my name clear. Don't you see it?"

Oh yes again, she did see it; she saw it in all its truth and force. Sitting on in silence, she bit her compressed lips.

"There's no excuse I can invent that would weigh with Sir Dene, Jarvis. It is not a fortnight since I had money from him ostensibly for myself: and I cannot say it is for Louisa or Otto while they are both here. There's no other way. He has taken to settle the housekeeping bills himself—through Gander."

"Gander be smothered!" said the captain gloomily, straying a little beside the mark. "You will have to say it is for me."

"It would not avail," she quickly answered. "At least—I don't think it would. He told me to my face that he believed the last money was for you and it was high time your extravagance was checked. Jarvis, I think this—if you don't mind, he will be warning Squire Arde himself."

"No!" uttered Jarvis, aghast at the suggestion.

"Well, I fear he might. It is just an idea of mine. I must have time to think this over, Jarvis."

Captain Clanwaring, stretching himself, strolled away, leaving her to do it. Half way across the room he turned to say something.

"There's the second trouble—that cursed scapegoat. *He* must be got away somehow or other. Dining at the Hall on Christmas Day; drinking tea there yesterday—it won't do, you know. He and May were coolly pacing the beech avenue together for an hour in the afternoon. The idea of there being anything between them is preposterous; too contemptible to speak of; he would never dare to lift his eyes to her, nor would she stoop to him; nevertheless, he will be better out of the way than in it." Jarvis reasoned exactly as my lady reasoned, you see; their instincts were the same.

"Leave that to me," was the careless and yet assured answer of Lady Lydia. "I've got it in hand."

And well in hand, too.

Jarvis, cramming his pipe with tobacco, lighted it, kept it in his mouth unheld, by some habit of dexterity, and strolled out at the side door, his hands in his pockets. A more miserable mood, than his could not well be. It was absolutely necessary that he should have money, to avoid—well he hardly knew *what*. Exposure, for one thing. If my lady failed in getting this money for him, he would be reduced to the necessity of selling his commission.

Brooding over these troubles, he had got as far as the gate opening to Harebell Lane, and was leaning his arms upon it, puffing away, when Tom Clanwaring came up the lane with a quick step. The contrast presented by the two was remarkable; Jarvis, an idle, lounging, smoking, pale, dissipated dandy; Tom, fresh, active, upright, striding along in his worn velveteen coat and splashed top-boots, as if he had all the work of the parish upon him, his fair Saxon face bright and beautiful to look upon. The one was a worker, the other something worse than a dreamer.

"I'm not sure but we shall have snow, Jarvis," spoke Tom cordially as he went by.

"Snow—ah!" responded Jarvis indifferently. "Do you happen to be going past the Trailing Indian?"

"No. Why?" continued Tom, halting.

"I wanted a note left there. For Black?"

"A note—for Black!" echoed Tom, in surprise; wondering what Randy Black and the fastidious captain could have in common.

"About tobacco," Jarvis condescended curtly to explain. "Can you take it for me?"

"Yes if you like; it won't be much out of my way," responded Tom with his usual cheerful good-nature. Jarvis handed him the note from his pocket, and Tom went on.

Sir Dene had kept his bed all day on the Sunday, with the rheumatism in his shoulder, and Mr. Friar came up to see him. Tom went in twice, and was received coldly; Sir Dene, who had not been enlightened as to the truth, retained his anger at Tom's having gone (as he thought) to Simmons's instead of staying at home to dine. He was too angry to reproach him; for one thing, his shoulder was in great pain; and my lady had been flinging in a little edged shaft or two against Tom.

To-day, Monday, Tom was very busy out of doors. His post as overlooker was the great barrier Lady Lydia had to contend with in her newly taken-up resolution to drive him off the estate. Remembering the instinct that had hastily warned her against his thus remaining, she thought how true it had been. The arrangement had worked well hitherto, separating in a wide degree the poor scapegoat from his kith and kin; and but for this awakened fear in connection with Squire Arde's daughter, Tom Clanwaring might have stayed as he was, unmolested, till Doomsday.

"Don't make quite so much noise, Emma. Please don't, there's a good girl!"

"If thee kicks up that there clatter, I'll shy this blessed brush at th' yead. D'ye hear, wench?"

The pleading appeal came from Mrs. Black; the rough one from her husband, who caught up a short hearth-brush that happened to lie inside the fender, as he spoke. They were sitting on either side the kitchen fire, objects to look upon. Poor Mrs. Black, a helpless cripple now—indeed the extraordinary wonder was that she had lived so long—looked a shadow, not a woman; her small, meek face, with its perpetual glance of terror, was weary, abrunken, piteous. In point of condition, Black did not look much better than his wife; he was worn almost to a shadow too; though he had not been fat at the best of times. His countenance had acquired an anxious, uneasy expression, and his eyes a restlessness as if he were always waiting for some unpleasant surprise. People accounted for it curiously; they said Black lived in perpetual fear of seeing Robert Owen; that the fear of it tormented him. Just now Black was really ill; a week ago he had taken a violent inflammation on his chest, necessitating Mr. Friar's attendance, and was in some danger. The danger had passed; he could sit up; but he was more ill-spoken and irritable than when in his usual health. And that need not have been.

The reputation of the Trailing Indian and of its landlord had not materially improved with the course of years. The mysterious trade in smuggled and stolen goods, midnight hearses, and the like, had dwindled away; but there was more of poaching carried on than ever. Somewhat perhaps of smuggling still; for nowhere could there be found such brandy and tobacco as Black's. The men who had helped in the other work had died off one by one; Michael Geach, the last of them, some five or six years ago. As to Mrs. Geach, she disappeared entirely from English society at a remote period, and was supposed to be in Australia. And Miss Emma had remained, a permanent legacy, at the Trailing Indian: Mrs. Black kind to her, Black generally swearing at her.

Emma Geach had grown up just what she promised to do: a tall, fine, very good looking girl, as impudent as she was high. Her fair face and profusion of light hair, which was really beautiful, gained for her much out-spoken admiration from the frequenters of the Trailing Indian, which was sometimes conveyed in broad language. Emma Geach took the admiration as her natural due, and for the rest, she responded in kind. Never backward was she at retort; no matter what its nature, she was equal to it. A bold girl, undoubtedly, by instinct as well as from circumstances, and the neighborhood did not speak too well of her. Not that any absolute charge had been brought against her until quite recently, when gossip had begun to say that there was palpable cause for scandal, and respectability picked up its skirts against contact with hers in the road. A laughing, bustling, capable young woman as to household matters was she quite the right hand of the Trailing Indian, and getting through more work in an hour than poor Mrs. Black had ever accomplished in a day.

But she was always noisy with it. This morning—washing up the Sunday's plates and dishes—which she had chosen to leave over till the Monday—she made clatter enough for ten: one might have supposed the crockery-ware was being broken continually. Standing at the sink at the end of the kitchen, a small tub of hot water and bucket of cold before her, she rubbed the grease off the plates with a dish-cloth in the hot water, plunged them for a moment into the cold, and put them, wet, in the rack above.

"I shall ha' done soon," was all the notice she took of the remonstrances given her: and went on with as little regard to peace as ever. Her cotton gown was pinned up round her under the coarse apron, her arms were bare, her shoes were down at heel in a slatternly fashion; but her very light eyes glistened with almost unnatural brightness, and her hair, as just said, was profuse and beautiful. Miss Emma was proud of it: and if she did not always keep her shoes in tidiness, she kept *that* so.

"Have Friar sent up that dratted physic?" demanded Black, after a fit of coughing.

"Not as I've seen," replied Emma.

"Then you'll go off down and fetch it."

"As soon as I've got these here things i' the rack," said Emma, with ready acquiescence—for she liked going out better than any recreation in the world.

At this moment in came Tom Clanwaring, bringing the note to Black. Tom was, so to say, quite at home with the inmates of the Trailing Indian: he would often run in to say a kind word to poor, miserable, suffering Mrs. Black, or have a chat with Emma. The acquaintanceship, begun in the old days over the whistle, had never ceased. Tom the child, taught to look upon himself as an irredeemable vagabond by my lady and her children, saw not so much difference between himself and the other vagabond, Emma Geach. He of course learnt better later, but he was by far too good-hearted to entirely "cut" Miss Emma. Tom liked the girl very well, and on occasion had done her many a good turn in shielding her from Black's furious passions. Emma liked him too; what's more, she respected him—and that's saying a vast deal for impudent Emma Geach. Black, on his side, from some cause or other, had been always tolerably civil to Tom, and was rarely surly with him as he would be with other people.

"Don't break the plates, Emma," said Tom, in his open, off-hand manner, as he went into the midst of the noise.

"Thank you for telling of me, sir," returned she—her answer always ready.

Tom laughed.

"I've brought you a note, Black," he said. "Captain Clanwaring asked me if I'd leave it with you."

Black's hungry fingers grasped the note as if it were something good to eat: and Emma Geach glanced at him sideways, a sharp, enquiring look in her light eyes. Tom sat down on the table to speak to Mrs. Black.

"Wait till he comes down from Lunnon again! not if I knows it," broke forth Black when he had torn open the note and read the few lines it contained. "It's the money I wants—and the money as I'll have. Promises don't do: folks, knows what *his* be, and I knows it. Mr. Tom Clanwaring, you—"

"Does Captain Clanwaring owe you anything for tobacco?" interrupted Tom, wondering at the man's excitement.

"Well—yes, he do owe it me; it is for 'bacca," rejoined Black, after a pause, and a hard stare full in Tom's face. "He comes in here when he's down at the Dene, a sayin' he can't get 'bacoy like mine nowhere not all over Lunnun, and runs up a heavy bill for 't—and 'stead o' handing o'er the money, sends me excuses and these here notes."

"I thought the note had been to order some," returned Tom. "He said something about getting no tobacco like yours, when he gave it me."

"The note is to say as he can't pay me the money he promised to bring up here o' Christmas Eve," said Black, deliberately and savagely. "You tell him, Mr. Tom Clanwaring, as I says—"

"I cannot carry back any message concerning it," interrupted Tom, not choosing to interfere in Jarvis's debts. "Captain Clanwaring saw me coming up this way, and asked if I'd leave the note: but you must send your answer to him yourself, Black."

Black growled some indistinct words under his breath—a wheezy and short breath to-day.

"When's the captain a going back to Lunnun?" he asked, aloud.

"Not yet, I fancy. In two or three weeks, perhaps."

"And in two or three days I hope to be on my out-o'-door legs again, and I'll be on to him. Captain Clanwaring hain't a going to play with Randy Black. He needn't think for to—"

Black's menace was cut short by the entrance of some customers, demanding ale. A shooting party sporting in the neighborhood, who had become thirsty over their work. They came trooping into the kitchen with their guns: Otto Clanwaring and his cousin Dene the foremost of them, Bimmos the hindmost. Tom laughed, jumped off the table, exchanged a few words with his relatives, and then went off on his morning's business.

"Be thee a going for that there physic, or bain't thee?" savagely demanded Black of the girl, as his customers disappeared; for their entrance and exit had brought in a rush of cold air, and set him coughing frightfully.

"I be a going now," she answered, swilling the last dish in the cold water, and pushing it, splashing, into the rack.

"Theo'll put away the muck first," roared Black.

The "muck" meant the tub and the pail and the dirty water. Black need not have reminded her. With all her failings, she was a tidy housewife.

In a coarse red shawl—or, as it was called then, "whittle," and a smart bonnet, and shoes up at heel, Emma Geach started. It was she who did all the errands, for there was no hostler kept at the place since the death of the one who had been there so long—Joe. If by chance a stray horseman rode up to the inn, Black himself attended to the steed. Miss Emma was not accustomed to hurry herself when on these errands: and Black was often well-nigh inclined to strike her for the delay. It made not the smallest difference—if she felt inclined to stay out she did stay out.

Hastening down Harebell Lane at full speed, she came to a sudden stop at Beechhurst Dene gate. Captain Clanwaring was leaning over it still. Reviewing gloomily his difficulties, financial and otherwise, he had never moved from the place.

"Where are you off to?" asked he, taking the pipe from his mouth.

"He have sent me down to old Friar's for his physic," replied the girl, her naturally free tone having become almost shrinkingly timid.

Jarvis looked at her. The light eyes, generally glittering with a peculiar kind of hard brightness, had taken a soft, pleading look; the cheeks were rosy with a delicate flush. Never had Emma Geach looked prettier than at this moment.

"He is in a daze o' rage," said the girl. "The night afore last, nothing 'ud do but I must go up to his bed-room—he'd heard me come in, and shrieked out for me like mad. When I stood out that I'd not got to see you cause o' visitors at the Dene, and so couldn't deliver his message about the money, he roared out at me 'twas a lie."

"I've sent him up a note," said Jarvis."

"It haven't done no good," said the girl. "He swears he'll have the money whether you've got it or no. He said it out before Tom Clanwaring."

Jarvis, who had begun to puff at his pipe lest it should go out, glanced up with a start—

"Before Tom Clanwaring! Black's a fool."

"No harm," returned the girl. "Were it money owing for bacca, says Mr. Tom, a thinking, he says, as the letter were only to order some. Yes it were money owed for bacca, says Black, after he had stared a bit in t'other's face. Tom Clanwaring took it in. Good-by," added Miss Emma, suddenly, as the voice of the tenant of Harebell Farm, Philip Tillett, was heard on the other side his hedge, talking with one of his laborers: "good-by t'ye." And she went on at a fleet pace.

Jarvis Clanwaring sauntered indoors, finishing his pipe. Lady Lydia, writing a letter in the library when he got in, inquired whether he had been to Arde Hall.

"No," returned Jarvis, in his most sullen manner.

"But I thought you were going there this morning, Jarvis."

"Time enough."

"Look here, Jarvis; you must make good play with Mary Arde if you are to win her," returned Lady Lydia in as urgently serious a tone as woman can well use. "Don't waste the time—don't waste the shadow of a chance. Go you down at once, and call there."

It was not bad advice. Captain Clanwaring brushed himself up a little, so as to look more of a fascinating dandy than before, and started.

Alas for human hopes! for human contrarieties! Miss Mary Arde descried the approaching visitor from a window, and made a precipitate retreat to her own room. Mr. and Mrs. Arde were out, and her maid came up to summons her. It was Susan Cole still. But Susan grown into a middle-aged woman.

"Captain Clanwaring, Miss May."

"I can't go down to him, Susan," said Miss May, coloring violently. "I won't go."

"But I told him you be at home," remonstrated Susan. "He's a waiting for you i' the drawing-room. You must go, Miss May."

"I tell you I won't go," persisted the young lady, fond of taking her own way as she had been when a child. "I *won't*.

There. Let him come again when mamma's at home."

Susan stood in a dilemma; she liked her own way also.

"What excuse be I to make for ye, Miss May? After saying as you was at home!"

"Oh, say anything," carelessly returned May.

"It's uncommon bad behavior," debated Susan, standing her ground. "I can't go and tell him as you *won't* come down."

"Say I am ill. Now you go, Susan."

"That's a fine thing, Miss May—inventing a illness at a pinch! He'll know it's nothing but a excuse."

May laughed pleasantly. She rather hoped he would.

"I'm sure I can't think of nothing to say," obstinately persisted Susan, pushing back her cap.

"Say I've got the mumps, Susan. My compliments to Captain Clanwaring, and I'm sorry not to be able to see him, but I can't talk from an attack of mumps."

CHAPTER IV.

MISS EMMA GEACH.

There was discord at Beechhurst Dene, Christmas week; that is, the week following Christmas, is generally regarded as one intended to be social and festive; but this one at Beechhurst Dene was especially unpleasant. The days, as they went on, were full of discomfort, each day worse than the last. The Lady Lydia seemed to be doing her work well, that of getting Tom Clanwaring out of the house. Not only out of the house and neighborhood did she intend to send him, but out of the country. She was devoting her whole energies, her great influence to the task. Circumstances favored her in rather a remarkable degree, as will be seen presently; they were to favor her more ere the week should be out. Dissension reigned. It was the whole household against Tom, and Tom against the household. Some insults were put upon him that stung him into retort. Petty charges were brought against him; trifles in themselves, but magnified into grave offences by the manner in which they were repeated to Sir Dene Clanwaring; and in these might lie just enough of truth to render them plausible, at any rate hard to disprove. Graver charges were soon to be whispered, and Tom might not have been able to refute them, even had the opportunity been allowed him. But it was not.

Sir Dene was keeping his room. Full of pain, both of mind and body; he was more irritable than he had ever been known to be. His anger against Tom for having absented himself, and gone to Simmon's (as he was led to think) on Christmas evening, rankled within him. He felt too vexed, too proud, it may be said, to speak of it to Tom, and Tom knowing nothing, and suspecting nothing, could not of course refute it. Be you very sure Lady Lydia did not, and therefore the false impression remained with Sir Dene. The new feeling against Tom was augmented by these other charges; they rankled in the baronet's mind also: and there was great discomfort. Never for a moment was Tom allowed to be alone with Sir Dene; Lady Lydia with her specious contrivance managed that, and nobody suspected there was any contrivance in it, least of all, Tom.

One day, Tom was stung into retaliation. He was insolent to Lady Lydia, he retorted on Captain Clanwaring, he took something like a high tone with his grandfather. The lion within him was aroused at last; the patient bearing of years; the calm enduring gave way before a moment's passion. It was his grandfather's changed manner to him that stung him to this—not the insults of the others. Had Sir Dene brought any specific charge against him, Tom could have answered it quietly; but nothing of the kind was done; and, all the young man knew or saw was, that his grandfather at length turned against him, out of, as it seemed, very caprice. But the grievous state, of worry this disturbed condition of things kept Sir Dene in, can be better imagined than described.

The private arrangements Lady Lydia had been engaged in, succeeded. They were now complete, ready to be acted upon, and she disclosed the matter to Sir Dene. She had been negotiating with some of her relatives in Ireland, and had got Tom an appointment there to manage the land of a large estate. It was really a good post of its kind, and the salary would be fair. To a young man seeking an opening in life, it certainly was an opportunity not often to be met with.

Nevertheless, Sir Dene turned a deaf ear. The very idea of Tom's leaving Beechhurst Dene startled him.

"I'd not like it, my lady," was his short imperative answer. And by the words, "my lady," it might be known that he felt resentment to her, rather than gratitude.

She was not to be put down for that. She pointed out how excellent the chance was; how fitted Tom was for the post, and how great the returning peace his departure would bring to the Dene. She had even found a man able and willing to replace Tom on the estate, one Mr. Weston; a humble cousin of the Miss Dickereens, who would be glad of the post.

But no—Sir Dene wholly negatived it. Dining at the gamekeeper's on Christmas day, and turning on the household since, when they quarrelled with him, did not constitute sufficient offence to entail banishment, he said. Lady Lydia sighed and bit her lip, mentally telling herself that she must have a little patience yet, but that *go*, Tom should. Little did even she think how very soon it would be.

There's an old axiom—that people rarely accomplish any great amount of evil alone. Two certainly can do more harm than one. Wild beasts hunt in couples. It takes two to quarrel and fight; it takes two to make an evil bargain. When a man commits a murder, or a succession of murders, the first public thought is—he must have had a helping companion. Thus, in the ill-odor that latterly attached itself to Miss Emma Geach, the discerning neighbors had been, not so much asking whether she had a help-mate in ill-doing—that went as a matter of course—as speculating who that help-mate might be. Whatever it was she had done, or was suspected of—whether poached game, as Black did, or robbed a house, or set a church on fire—the fact of her having had an aider and abettor was very sure and certain. Public curiosity was always on the whet as to who this other might be; and the untoward circumstance that no one in particular could be fixed upon, was, to say the least of it, mortifying. Harvy Cole the farrier and veterinary surgeon—a good-looking, fairly well-educated man, who had succeeded to his father's business—would be talked of one day; Sir Dene's groom, James, the next; a smuggling acquaintance of Black's who was often at the Trailing Indian the third, and others; but when the utmost ground of suspicion attaching itself to any one of these men came to be summed up, it was found to consist of one sole fact—that they might be seen on occasion openly talking and laughing with Miss Emma. Not quite enough, this, to justify an accusation of arson, or what not. So that, in point of fact, the tantalized public considered themselves ill-used in the matter, and kept their eyes and their curiosity agape.

Seeing Tom Clanwaring perched upon the table at the Trailing Indian, familiarly located there with Mr. and Mrs. Black and Miss Emma, would have been nothing; young Dene might have done as much himself, for he had just the same sociable kind of nature, for sitting on tables, or elsewhere as Tom; but, taken in conjunction with the private meeting and whispering between Tom and Emma Geach on Christmas night, that both Dene and Otto had been a witness to, it looked like something. The interview in the grove wore all the appearance of a secret one of premeditation; and if young Dene joked a bit about the look of things, and Otto nodded assent in his steady manner, it was not to be surprised at. They had taken up the notion that Tom might have been the man who had—helped to fire the church, lets say. Not that he *was*, they did not go as far as that; only that he might have been. Certain things were laughed at and joked over more freely in those days than they are in these, were, in fact, regarded as but venial errors. Dene talked and laughed about it indoors; and soon the only members of the household to whose ears the new suspicion had not penetrated, were Tom himself, Lady Lydia, and Sir Dene.

Strange to say, the sole one to reprove was Jarvis. "Hold your foul tongues!" cried he savagely. "Any way, it's no concern of yours," which reproof only set Dene laughing worse than before. And thus the week progressed, each day bringing more of discomfort and drawing matters more to a crisis. On the Thursday, Dene the heir and his brother Charles took their departure for Scotland, to spend New Year's day with their mother.

Friday came in, a morning bright with sunshine. The snow, threatened on the Monday, had cleared itself off without falling, and the weather was really lovely. Somewhat frosty, but calm, fresh and clear.

Talking together over the low gate of the narrow side avenue leading to Arde Hall, stood Tom Clanwaring and the Hall's heiress; she inside, he out. As he was passing up from Hurst Leet, she happened to be there in her scarlet-hooded cloak and white muff, the hood of the cloak drawn round her bright face and bright curls. Fashions changed less capriciously then than they do now—or perhaps economy made things last longer. Tom's mother had worn just the same kind of cloak; but the cloaks had not gone quite out, even yet. There they stood; Tom oblivious of his business, May of the passing of the time.

"I'm so glad he's better," said May, alluding to Sir Dene—for Tom had been telling her that his grandfather was down stairs again. "Mr. Friar came in to tea last night and was talking about him. He thinks he is changing so very much."

"He has certainly changed in the last few days, for he has been irritable with me without cause—that is, if he notices me at all," replied Tom. "For the most part he turns his head away from me, when I speak gives me short and snappish answers."

"Have you offended him?" asked May.

"I suppose so: but I cannot imagine how. Altogether, I have not had a pleasant week of it, May. They are trying me tolerably hard just now."

He laughed as he said it. Sunshine was always in his heart, let be what would. The young make light of troubles. May Arde's sweet brown eyes sparkled brightly in gay sympathy.

"When people are ill, they feel cross without knowing why, Tom. I suppose Dene and Charley have gone?"

"They started yesterday morning."

"I like Dene. Charley too, for that matter. But I like Dene better than—yes, better than anybody else at Beechhurst Dene," she added, casting a saucy glance at the handsome face, bending towards her. "Dene is always—oh Tom, look here!"

A clatter and commotion in the road caught her ear, and the glittering silver of the sumptuous Clanwaring liveries her eye. The Beechhurst Dene cortege was approaching at a gallop. It was a custom then to pay morning calls in more state than royalty observes now. Two outriders rode first; and then came the large carriage with its four horses, and the postillions' jackets laced with silver, harmonizing with the liveries of the outriders and the two standing footmen behind. Sir Dene did not drive four in hand. Tempted by the fineness of the day, my Lady Lydia had come out visiting; her daughter, Mrs. Letsom, sat next her, Jarvis and Otto opposite.

"Tom, I do *believe* they are coming to the Hall!" cried May under her breath.

Even so. The outriders took the sweep round that would bring them to the carriage entrance, running nearly side by side with the narrow beech avenue. Knowing, or suspecting, the feeling obtaining in Lady Lydia's mind towards them both, Tom Clanwaring and May might have preferred to get out of sight had there been means of doing it; but the trees were bare in winter, affording no shelter. As the carriage swept round like lightning almost close to them, Tom lifted his hat to Lady Lydia and Mrs. Letsom; my lady answered the courtesy by a hard stare.

"What a pace they are going at!" exclaimed Tom. "Shall you have to go in, May?"

"Oh I must. Of course I must. Tom, he has been here every day this week," she cried in impulsive agitation, her bright eyes lifted for a moment and then cast down again. "Every blessed day, as Susan calls it. And mamma is beginning to like him so very much!"

"Every day, has he," returned Tom, pushing back the breast of his velveteen coat, as if he were too hot.

"I would not come down to him one day: Susan was in such a temper over it. Papa and mamma were out, and so I could do as I liked. When's he going away to join his regiment again?"

"*I* don't know, May. He will have to do it soon, I should imagine, or else leave it altogether."

"I'm sure he has got up his strength quite enough now."

"Strength?—oh its not that, May. There's an attraction in the way. If he joined his regiment he could not come down here at will."

May understood quite well—that she was the attraction. Deep in thought now, she was looking away, seeing nothing.

"I *wish* I had not any money of my own," she whispered, really more to herself than to Tom. "It's that miserable twenty thousand pounds of mine. Perhaps he'd not care for me without that. If my dear little sister had but lived, it would never have been mine."

"True," said Tom.

"Susan Cole used to tell me when I was naughty that Master Tom—meaning you—would never care for me as he did for that little sister," went on the young lady.

"Did she?" said Tom, a great merriment in his deep set blue eyes, so marvellously beautiful. "I must have been very old when she died, May; nearly four."

"I *must* go; or they'll be sending for me," cried Miss May, shrinking from the expression of the said eyes. "Good-by. To-morrow's New Year's day, you know. Don't forget it."

"No danger," replied Tom Clanwaring. "Good-by, May."

An ordinary shake of the hands, and away went Tom, striding quickly to make up for lost time.

"New Year's day," that May had reminded him of, implied a meeting. A meeting for them. Just as it had grown into a custom for the Ardes to eat their Christmas dinner at Beechhurst Dene, so had it for the Clanwarings to dine at the Hall on the first day of the new year. If nobody else looked forword with a heart spring to the morrow's festive gathering, the two who had just parted did. Parted reluctantly—for they would have liked to linger away the whole morning together.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR of "Joyce Dormer's Story."

CHAPTER XVI.

FOREBODINGS.

"Not appreciate him!" were the first words that Diana spoke when she awoke in the morning. "Do I seem ungrateful to him also? I wonder if he thinks so."

She pushed back the heavy crimson curtains, and looked out, scarcely knowing where she was—for Hester had not drawn up the blinds, and there was a certain dimness in the room, notwithstanding the day was somewhat advanced; for Diana, thoroughly exhausted, had slept to a late hour.

By degrees, she recognized that she was in the room that used to be occupied by Madame de Mouline, when she stayed at Broadmead. It had been her room as a girl, and—together with a small boudoir close to it—had always been kept for her. "Anne's rooms," Jasper and Mrs. Seaton called them.

With her recognition of the room, the reasons for finding herself there gradually recurred to her. One by one, each incident of the previous night uprose to memory: her musings in her "*Paradise*," as she had fondly named it; then the awful crash. Perhaps she had been nearer the true *Paradise*, which souls strive to win, than she had ever been before. Perhaps, had she been taken from the earth last night, she might now be walking in those gardens of strange delight—or— How if it were not open to her? The spirit of the storm had shrieked, "Lost! lost!" What should she do? She had no one to guide her. Jasper, with all his kindness, was no better than herself. The impulse that she had received from John Carteret might all be lost. He could not think much of her, or he would have written to her after her last long letter. She would write to him again; or—No, Mrs. Seaton's insinuations might be true; and John Carteret might, when he saw more of the world, grow tired of one so ignorant and uninstructed as herself.

When should she see him again? If she could only see him, she could ask so much—she should know so much. He could not disguise any change of feeling from her, if they met each other face to face, as he could do in writing. Then she should know how to act: and if there were the slightest shadow of a change, she would release him from his engagement—she would not allow him to hold it on her account. She could go on loving him quietly, and only him, until the day of her death. She thought that she could make herself content in time with that alone, if she were quite sure that his happiness were secured. Perhaps, after all, it would have been better if it had happened otherwise last night. She was a waif that belonged to know one. She was dependent on the kindness, the charity of others; and her heart grew a little bitter although she felt that that kindness had not been niggardly given—certainly not as far as Jasper was concerned.

"And his mother thinks I do not appreciate him."

Presently Hester came to see if Diana was awake, and whether she would take any breakfast.

"It was an awful night, Miss Ellis, and there's no end of mischief done in the village. The Highton oak has fallen, and a horse is crushed beneath it; the weathercock's down from the church spire, and—"

"No one killed, I hope?" interrupted Diana, with a shudder.

"No, miss—not that I've heard of."

"Well, bring me some breakfast. What o'clock is it?"

"Half-past eleven."

"Half-past eleven! How I have slept!"—and Diana fell into a reverie.

Hester brought up the tray, and on the tray was a letter that made her heart give a leap. She was glad that Hester had turned away to settle the curtains, for she felt the glad color rising in her face. Then came a great throb of thankfulness; then a sort of half-pain, and a fear of opening the letter—for perhaps Mrs. Seaton's insinuations might be true. Mrs. Seaton knew more of the world than she did! and Jasper's doubts!—for she knew that, in spite of his goodness to her, and his palliations of his mother's speeches, he doubted John Carteret. Perhaps it was that very doubting that made him so thoughtfully kind to her—so careful not to say anything now that might annoy her; whereas formerly he used to tease her all the time.

Hester seemed to be an interminable time in her arrangements; but at last she went, and Diana opened her letter.

At the first words, she gave a sigh of relief. There was nothing to fear. John Carteret was thinking of her always.

"Every sigh of the wind, every wave of the sea, speaks to me of my darling—almost brings me messages from her. Even the storm that is blowing up makes me remember much that we have spoken of together, and drawn my soul nearer to hers."

Diana clasped her hands. Then, through the storm, he would be thinking of her—perhaps praying for her; for, in danger, and amid the convulsive throes of nature, the hearts of men open, and are prone to draw nigh unto the throne of mercy. Perhaps his prayer had saved her life. And she closed her eyes and leaned back upon the pillow. She was in elysium. The kiss of an angel was on her lips, and heavenly wings bore her soul aloft into a region of joy and peace, past understanding.

She did not seek to analyse it. She knew it would not last—that it was but a transient emotion. She only knew that she was nearer to John Carteret in that ecstatic moment, and that for a brief space she had left the earth below, and had entered upon immortality.

* * * * * *

The luncheon bell rang just as Diana finished her toilet. She descended to the dining-room and found Jasper there alone. Mrs. Seaton was suffering from a nervous headache, and was not able to sit up.

As she entered, Jasper came forward to meet her. The glad color had not quite faded from her face, and Jasper was astonished to see how much better she looked than she had done for some days.

"The storm has done you good, Di," he said.

She gave a pleased smile, but made no reply.

Jasper's brows contracted, for the cause of the happiness that showed itself so transparently flashed upon him.

"I hope you had good news, Di?" And he turned his head away to hide the annoyance that he felt his face might betray.

He need not have feared, for Diana was too much absorbed in her joy to be very observant.

"Is Mr. Carteret coming to Broadmead soon?" he added, making a strong effort to disguise his feelings.

"No; he can't get away. Not that there is so much to do; but it is work that takes up every day, so that he cannot leave."

"I thought he had only Sunday work—no parish work during the week to look after. I should have thought he might have arranged to spare a day or two."

"It would scarcely be worth while for so short a visit."

"Wouldn't it?" answered Jasper, attempting to smile. "I thought people very much in love looked upon every moment as an eternity."

"Linthorp is a long way off, and John is poor. He can't afford to spend all his money in travelling—and I am quite satisfied," said Diana, a little sharply; for it seemed to her as if John Carteret was in some way attacked.

Jasper laughed,

"Now, Di, don't get angry. I don't want to depreciate Mr. Carteret's good intentions for a moment. Of course he understands his own affairs better than I do; and he may have hundreds of excellent reasons that keep him at Linthorp."

"I am quite sure that his reasons are all good," said Diana.

"I never questioned them."

"You don't believe in John. I know that, Jasper."

"That is not quite true, Di. I own that he puzzles me; but I am willing to believe that it is only my own stupidity that is at fault."

His stupidity! No—Jasper was not stupid; he was keen and penetrating—Diana knew that well enough; and it gave a chill to her joy. It somehow made John Carteret's letter seem less satisfactory. There were no facts in it. He said very little about what he was doing, and about the people there. She wondered what sort of people there were at Linthorp. He had only spoken of Lady Pechford; and Lady Pechford was an elderly woman, and also his relative. So there would, probably, be nothing very interesting about her. Perhaps John Carteret had been a little reticent.

Yet, after all, surely his letter might satisfy her. Why was she beginning to doubt? If she were only better, cleverer, very beautiful, she thought that she should be quite satisfied. But she knew that she was not worth of John Carteret; and perhaps when he went amongst other people, he might find it out.

Jasper was narrowly watching her. He saw that the seed he had scattered was taking root, and there was no telling what fruit it might not bring forth.

"You are eating nothing, Di," he said, after a long silence.

"I am not hungry. It is not long since I breakfasted."

"Well, if you cannot eat, you can, perhaps, take an interest in the devastations of last night. Will you come with me, and see the chimney ruins?"

"Did it quite fall down?"

"Quite. It smashed right through the roof, and fell straight upon your bed, breaking it down; in fact, when we got into the room, the bed was entirely hidden by the mass of rubbish."

Diana's face turned paler.

"And I might have been sleeping there!" she said, in a low tone. "Suppose I had been killed in the night, Jasper!"

And she looked up at him with a scared, earnest gaze.

And again the thrill that Jasper had felt the night before shot through him. What if she had been taken? What would life be to him now, without her? No; he could not lose her, either to Death, or to another human being. He could not give her up.

"We could not spare you, Di!" he answered, in as low a tone as hers.

"I am afraid of death!" said Diana, still with the same look upon her face. "I could not die yet."

They went up the wide staircase, and on the first landing she was stopped by some servants, carrying down some of the treasures of her *Paradise*.

"You won't be able to be up there again for some time," said Jasper. "I have ordered the things to be removed."

"Ah, yes; they can go into the old nursery. It's far enough for me to practise there, without disturbing any one."

Jasper said nothing, and they mounted up to the two rooms in the north wing.

The workmen were clearing away the *debris;* and Diana, at the sight of the weight of bricks and mortar, turned a little giddy again as the thought arose how slender had been the chance that had saved her from death.

"The chance!" She cast the thought of chance away from her even as it rose. No chance—so would John Carteret have told her—but the settled, deliberate outstretching of the hand that guided her footsteps; that, having given her a distinct part, held her as necessary to, and inseparable from, the whole of creation—her existence being a link without which the world's history, as read by angels, would be imperfect.

"My poor *Paradise!*" exclaimed Diana, as, turning away *from* the ruins, she entered her dismantled sitting-room; "how desolate it looks! It is quite sad to be turned out of it in this way."

"Paradise Lost!" said Jasper, jestingly.

But Diana felt an uncomfortable feeling. The "Lost, lost!" of the storm recurred to her painfully. Could it be a foreboding of the loss of her Eden upon the earth! She wished that Jasper had not spoken the words.

"But Paradise can be regained," she replied, trying to answer Jasper in the same tone.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps. But it does not always answer. One cannot always regain Paradise to much effect. Milton tried it, and his 'Paradise Lost' was the greater success."

"But that is quite a different matter; that was only a poem, only—"

"Only, Di!—only, to Milton? Where are your poetic susceptibilities?"

"You know what I mean, Jasper. Besides, my *Paradise* is only a room, and it is easy enough to make a room look exactly the same as it always did—and, in fact, be precisely the same room that it always was."

"I rather deny your last assertion, Di. I don't think the room will be ever just the same to you as it was before. Other thoughts will be connected with it now."

Diana thought for a moment.

"Perhaps so," she answered; "and yet it would be *Paradise* still."

"After the thunder-cloud has rolled over it? I think not."

And then, changing his tone, he asked—

"Do you think that what is lost can ever be replaced?"

"Nothing is lost in this case," she returned, not understanding him.

"Not yet," he said, as if communing with himself. "Not yet; and what is the use of foreboding? 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'"

She followed him in silence, as he turned away from the two rooms.

"It was foolish," he said, "to open the north wing: on that side the storm burst in. If I had been at home, that would not have happened."

His face grew darker, and the old passionate look, that Diana had not seen lately, came over it.

She touched his arm gently.

"Jasper," she said, "I do not know what it is that annoys you. Did you not wish me to have those rooms?"

But he, without replying, still moved on; and, when they again reached the first landing, Jasper turned into the gallery to the right. Hester was advancing from the other end.

"Is it in tolerable order?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

They stopped at the door of the boudoir that had belonged to Anne de Mouline.

Diana stepped in. She gave a cry of surprise; for, as if by magic, all her better belongings were arranged as though they had been there for years. Everything, excepting the old piano.

"It is too shabby," said Jasper. "You must have a cottage piano, to suit the room."

"But, Jasper, it will be for such a short time. I need not practice at all whilst I am here."

"Di," said Jasper, "I hope you will not go up again. I hope you will keep these rooms always: it was one of poor Anne's last wishes that they should be yours."

"And you never told me, Jasper!"

"No; I did not like to spoil your fancies. Your heart was so set upon the two rooms up-stairs, that I could not bear that you should be disappointed. But the storm seems to have stepped in to befriend me, and to give me an opportunity of asking you if you will, for Anne's sake, take these rooms for your own?"

"For Anne's sake, and for yours too, Jasper," said Diana, warmly. "Indeed, I do appreciate all your kindness."

And she spoke so earnestly, that Jasper answered—

"Who said that you did not?"

"Your mother."

"Nonsense, Di! You know that my mother is given to foolish fancies. But there is no especial kindness on my part in asking you to carry out one of Anne's dying wishes."

"You should have told me about it before, Jasper," said Diana. "I would have fulfilled any desire of Madame de Mouline's as scrupulously as you would do yourself."

A sudden spasm shot through Jasper's heart; but only for a moment. Some time, but not now, he might execute Anne's other request. Not now! Anne surely would not wish him to peril his chance of happiness in life—to lose his only chance of success. If her request were complied with, he knew Diana's impetuous temper too well to doubt what the knowledge of being mistress of four hundred a-year would result in. She should have it some time. He did not intend to be dishonest. He was withholding it for her good—so he argued with himself—for her good, and his own. Yes, for his own—he did not deny it; and, for his own sake, he would hold to his determination.

In the meantime, he had obeyed one of Anne's injunctions; and he soothed his conscience by sparing no pains or expense over Diana's rooms. There should be nothing wanting in them that he could procure.

"They are too beautiful—that is their only fault," she said. "You know, Jasper"—and she hesitated a little—"that I was trying to do without luxuries, because—because some time I shall have to be poor. And now you will spoil me again."

Jasper shook his head.

"You must never be poor, Di. You need not be, if—"

But Diana stopped him.

"You do not know John Carteret as well as I do."

And so Diana took possession of her new rooms, and loved them for Anne de Mouline's sake. They seemed to revive the old lessons that she had scarcely understood when she had learned them, being more intent upon watching the sweet, delicate face of her teacher. Now they came with fresh meaning, and she felt that she was making another step in her onward path.

Still she regretted her old *Paradise*, and the associations connected with it; and would sometimes sigh, as Eve might have sighed after the lost Eden.

And yet the future became ever more and more beautiful as she advanced. Hope waved a magic banner before her, crying—"On! on!" Her soul was illumined with vivid flashes of light—even as, through the winter night, the northern skies glow with the brilliant streamers of the Aurora, which, gathering in their crimson trails the countless stars, lend a new glory to the shining heavens.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FAR AND NEAR.

☞ "My enemies can do nothing against me," said M——; "they cannot deprive me of the faculty of thinking rightly or acting well."

☞ A New England preacher recently based his sermon on what he called "the unhappy fate of Mrs. Lot."

☞ Some people say that dark-haired women marry soonest. We differ; it is the light-headed ones.

☞ The latest revised tables at the Census office show the following aggregate population of all the states and organized territories:—White, 33,581,680; colored, 4,879,323; Indian, 25,733; Japanese, 55; Chinese, 63,196. Total, 38,539,987.

☞ It may interest young ladies who walk with the ends of their parasols stuck in their mouths, to learn that this charmingly picturesque custom was the cause of a sad accident in Chicago the other day. One of the wittiest belles of that city while thus perambulating stumbled and fell; the point of the parasol pierced her tongue, and the young lady will in consequence lisp and stammer for life.

☞ Longfellow recently beat Kingfisher at Saratoga, and his owner was immediately offered $50,000 for him. This was declined, an offer of $80,000 having previously been made. This horse, which is said to have made the fastest running time in the country, is valued by his owner, John Harper, of Kentucky, at $100,000.

☞ "You must flatter or frighten," said M——, "the interest or the self-love of men. Men are asses or monkeys who only jump for nuts, or skip about in fear of the whip."

☞ A man named Clay, in Canada, Iowa, owns feet which are fifteen inches in length and five broad.

☞ As an evidence of the wonderful expansion of Methodism in America, the church organ states the fact that during the past year there was a new church completed, on the average, every three working hours, for every day in the year.

☞ Upon an ancient tombstone in Norwalk, Connecticut, is the following:—"Here lies the body of Mrs. Susannah St. John, who did December ye 6, 1649, aged 40 years and 2 months. She that lieth at rest within this tomb, had Rachel's face, and Leah's fruitfulness, Abigail's wisdom, Lydia's faithful heart, with Martha's care, and we hope Mary's better part."

☞ Here is the last specimen of poetry "of the wrastle your hash" order. It is from the *Overland Monthly*:

"And when the Good Master above us was
Teachin' us lovin' each other down here,
He didn't tell any such ornery fellers
As there that their title was clear."

☞ A shoe in which the English Princess Royal, now the Crown Princess of Prussia, had been christened, was specially sent all the way from Berlin to be thrown at the newly wedded pair, the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne.

☞ The story of William Tell and the apple is said to have been distinctly told in an ancient Persian manuscript just discovered in the library at Breslau.

☞ M. de Turenne, dining one day at M. de Lamoignon's, the host inquired of his guest if his courage was never shaken at the commencement of a battle. "Yes," said Turenne, "I sometimes undergo great nervous excitement; but there are in the army a great number of subaltern officers and of soldiers who experience none whatever."

☞ Not long since an old fellow from the country, called at a store in Augusta, Me., and wished to sell some eggs. One of the proprietors immediately proceeded to count them out, and while doing so he noticed that one of the eggs presented a rather odd appearance for an egg, as if it had been *mended*. Struck with the novelty of the sight, he said to the customer, "This is a queer-looking egg, what is the matter with it?" "Oh," replied he, "that one got a little hole broken in it at home, and wife took and *patched* it with a piece of shell.

☞ It was long supposed that the effect of dipping a razor in hot water was to remove from its edge a kind of resinous substance which was thought to injure its sharpness. Such, however, is not the real effect. The fine edge is given to all blades of steel by tempering them, that is, heating them and plunging them into cold water. Now, it has been proved by experiment, that the heat of 212 degrees is the exact heat at which razor edges are admirably tempered; and as the heat of boiling water is 212 degrees, by dipping a razor into it, you, as it were, again temper, or give a new edge to the razor.

☞ Two mothers were boasting of the achievements of their respective "only" children. Said one: "*My* son blew out the candle when he was only seven months old!" "Ah!" replied the other, "the boy who blows out the candle at seven months will never set the world on fire."

☞ They had a camp-meeting at Cottage Grove, near Chicago, a few days ago, and some graceless girls stole the preachers' unmentionables. Unable to attract attention without attracting too much attention, the ministers remained in their tent until service time, when thinking it strange they did not appear, an elder went to ascertain the cause, which resulted as above. They have given up all hopes of converting those girls this year.

☞ TEST FOR PURITY OF WINES.—The adulteration of wines is often readily detected by the microscope. All wines that did not obtain their color through the process of fermentation can be thus proved to be artificial. The natural wine (after evaporating a drop) shows a homogeneous color; the artificial shows small colored globules, differing with the substances used for coloring the liquid.

☞ A family near Putnamville, Indiana, was poisoned a few days ago by eating new potatoes, the vines of which had been too plentifully sprinkled with Paris green, used as a bug exterminator. Antidotes were administered and their lives saved.

☞ The Alameda Encinal says that one of the candidates for a teacher's certificate at the examination which took place at San Leandro last week, gave the following definition of Phlebotomy:—"Pulebotomy—Pertaining to the bottom of a Pole."

☞ Sunflowers were recommended by a commission of European savans called by Bismarck to rid the air of the taint occasioned by the heaps of dead near Paris. They call the sunflower a precious plant for that purpose, as having a great power of absorbing the nitrogenous matter in which the soil would be so rich, as yielding an excellent oil from its seed, good forage from its leaves, and having a combustible stalk which can be used in the domestic fireplace.

Polygamy as a Religious Principle.

FROM FRASER'S (LONDON) MAGAZINE.

The religious importance attaching to polygamy among this singular body of people is the direct result of the intensely materialistic character of their belief. Mormonism is essentially anthropomorphic. It teaches that God has a body, parts and passions, precisely as we have. He is the progenitor of the whole existing races of men; we in turn may become gods, the progenitors of new worlds. This will depend mainly on the number of a man's offspring. The Divine Being who presides over our world perpetually produces souls by generation to be his children; but these remain in an incomplete condition until they are born in the flesh. Millions of these shadowy beings wait at the gates of mortal life for entrance. The man who has few children does these poor souls a grievous harm by keeping them waiting in the dark, while the prolific father builds himself up a great family for the future state. Adam is the head of the first dispensation of our world, and will have a great kingdom in the future. Abraham, as the father of the Israelitish race, will eventually be a god over a universe of Jews. The Mormon assertions respecting the founder of Christianity are peculiarly obnoxious. They do not scruple to aver that the teacher of spiritual religion had a multitude of wives, and that he will be a god in the future state over his own bodily begotten descendants. They allow that all the world's prophets, Zoroaster, Confucius, Mahomet and the rest have had a certain measure of divine inspiration, and will receive a due reward of honor in the next state. The last elect prophet is of course Joseph Smith. He is to be the head of the new dispensation, and eventually a chief god. The importance of the size of a man's family becomes at once apparent. It will constitute his peculiar title to consideration in the future state, and afford the means of his attainment of divine honors. By the wives a man has here he will continue to increase his family in eternity. But it is generally held that in the future state no man can add to the number of his wives, since it is written that in heaven "they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God." The effect of this doctrine on the female Saints is very powerful. They dare not remain unmarried. They must remain for ever isolated, meaningless, useless, unless they are linked in destiny with some man. Their sole honor can be but a husband's reflected glory. So, once united with a man it becomes their duty, and, inasmuch as they love him, their privilege, to advance the glory of his family. Often with pangs of heart, a faithful woman must introduce to her husband a second wife to divide his affections and his care. Mormon priestcraft has learnt woman's capacity of self-devotion, and has tried it cruelly. The woman's faculty of subjection, natural to her character, and commonly necessary to her happiness, has left her an easy prey to the tyranny of the new faith. The progress of many centuries is reversed. By civilization and chivalry, by Christianity, and the elevation of the Virgin as the ideal of womanly purity to divine honors, woman has been raised to a spiritual equality with man. Mormonism degrades her again to be his slave.

THE MOTHER.—The loss of a mother is always severely felt. Even though her health may incapacitate her from taking any active part in the care of her family, still she is a sweet rallying point, around which affections and obedience and a thousand tender endeavors to please, concentrate, and dreary is the blank when such a point is withdrawn. It is like that lonely star before us—neither its heat or light are anything to us in themselves, yet the shepherd would feel his heart sad if he missed it when he lifts his eye to the brow of the mountain over which it rises when the sun descends.—*Lamartine.*

THIERS.—Adolphe Thiers, the executive chief of the French Government, is emphatically a self-made man. His father was a poor and uncultivated laborer in the harbor of Marseilles, and his mother had been a servant-girl. She was, however distantly related to the family of Andre Chenier, the great French poet, who was guillotined during the first revolution. Young Thiers, while at college, gave already evidence of the brilliant talents and the genius which afterward raised him to his eminent position in modern literature, but his behavior was always disorderly and unruly. At the age of twenty-five, the son of the poor laborer was considered one of the foremost men of France.

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P. T. Barnum, the noted exhibitor, ascribes his success in accumulating a million of dollars in ten years to the unlimited use of printer's ink.

☞ According to Dr. Bryant, of Lexington, the Kentucky wheat crop has got the itch, that gentleman having discovered myrads of specimens of the *acarus scabici* on samples he has been examining.

☞ By the provisions of the act of March 3d, none of the old copper and nickel cents redeemed at the Treasury Department will be reissued. They will be destroyed, and replaced with the one and two cent bronze pieces and the three and five cent copper nickel.

☞ A young lady Good Templar at Bath, Steuben county, Me., the other evening explained her position on the cider question, in conversation with a young gentleman of the same order: "Ah," said she, "I got out of it nicely when he asked if I *drank* cider. Of course I answered 'no.' You see, since father bought that barrel from Mr. Waters that you like so well, I have always used a straw; for I knew our officers would not ask me anything about *sucking* it."

☞ "You'd better look out for your hoss's feet above here, mister," said a ragged boy to a Reading traveller.

"Why?" said the gentleman, nervously pulling up.

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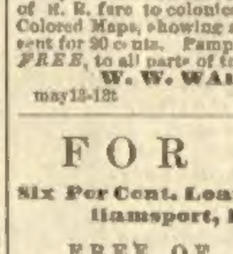

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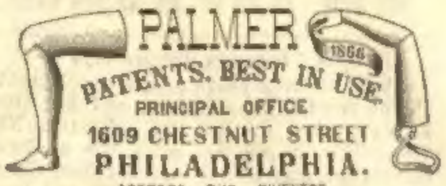

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Clock to Swear By.

About twenty years ago, when Franklin Pierce and the present Senator Clark stood at the head of the Hillsborough bar, in New Hampshire, there was upon the docket a celebrated suit called the "Horse Case." The action was brought by Smith and Jones livery stable keepers, against one White, to recover the value of a pair of horses, alleged to have been killed by the defendant while conveying an insane man to the asylum at Concord. There was plenty of proof that the horses died soon after their arrival there; but the defendant took the ground that they died of disease and not from being overheated, and that a sufficient time had been allowed them to travel that distance with ease. Then it became necessary to show the jury the time of starting and the time of arrival. Many citizens were brought forward, among them a tall, boxy, slab-sided, lanky, sleepy-looking fellow who officiated as hostler at the stable. I give you the substance of the concluding portion of the examination:

"What time, sir, did I understand you to say it was when the horses were driven up to the stable?"

"Just as I was goin' to dinner."

"What time was it when you went to dinner that day—by the clock?"

"Just twelve."

"To a minute?"

"Yes sir."

"And what time did you go to dinner a week previous—by the clock?"

"At twelve."

"To a minute, sir?"

"Yes sir."

"Now, sir, will you be good enough to tell the jury what time you went to dinner three months before the last date—by the clock?"

"At twelve."

"To a minute, sir?"

"Yes sir,"

"That is all, sir," replied the counsel, with a gleam of satisfaction on his face and a glance at the jury, as much as to say "That man has settled his testimony, gentlemen." And so we all thought, till, just as he was leaving the stand, he turned to his questioner with a curious comical expression on his face, and drawled out, "That ere clock was out o'kilter, and has stopped at twelve for the last six months." There was a general roar in the gallery where I sat. Mr. Clark sat down, and I noticed that the judge had to use his handkerchief just then.

The Fat Sheep.

Some twenty-five years ago, when I was pastor of a church in ——, I took occasion one evening to attend a social meeting in the church of that place. As is their custom on such occasions, one after another gave in his or her experience. After a time a man in humble circumstances, small in stature, and with an effeminate, squeaking voice, rose to give a piece of his experience which was done in the following manner:

"Brethren, I have been a member of the church for many years. I have seen hard times; my family has been much afflicted, but I have for the first time in my life to see my pastor or any of the trustees of this church cross the threshold of my door."

No sooner had he uttered this part of his experience than he was suddenly interrupted by one of the trustees, an aged man, who rose and said in a loud, firm voice:

"My dear brother, you must put the devil behind you."

On taking his seat, the pastor in charge rose, and also replied to the little man as follows:

"My dear brother, you must remember that we shepherds are sent to the lost sheep of the house of Israel."

Whereupon the little man rose again, and, in answer, said in a very loud tone of voice:

"Yes, and if I'd been a fat one, you would have found me long ago."

The effect upon the audience can be better imagined than described.

New Mode of Lathering.

A nicely dressed young gentleman entered a barber shop in a somewhat retired portion of a Western city, a short time ago, for the purpose of getting shaved. The tonsorial artist spit on the brush and proceeded to lather, when he was stopped by the horror stricken customer, who inquired what he meant by spitting on his brush.

"Why," said the barber, "aint you a gentleman?"

"Yes," replied the stranger.

"Well," said the barber, "that's the way we treat gentlemen; if a rough comes in, we just merely spit on his face."

VERY UNKIND.—(Scene—A Volunteer Review.) Infuriated Commanding Officer—"Hi, there, get away, you madman—get away from the target!" Easy minded Lunatic—"Hold on, Guv'nor, I ain't as mad as I look. I was here all day yesterday, and found it much the safest place in the field."

A STRATEGICAL COMBINATION.—An Indiana man has effected a strategical combination against the potato bugs. He planted a grain of corn in each hill of potatoes. The corn came up before the potatoes, which, of course, cheated the little pests into the belief that it was a cornfield, and they never went near the potatoes until it was too late to do any damage.

SMART BOY.—For a specimen of logical consecution of ideas we venture to commend this from a school-boy's composition: "Tobacco was invented by a man named Walter Raleigh. When the people first saw him smoking they thought he was a steamboat, and as they had never seen a steamboat, they were frightened."

NEVER WOULD HAVE GUESSED IT.—Sheridan made his appearance one day in a pair of new boots. These attracting the notice of some of his *friends*, "Now guess," said he, "how I came by these boots." Many *probable* guesses then took place. "No," said Sheridan, "no, you've not hit it, nor ever will. I bought them and paid for them." They admitted they never would have guessed *that*.

☞ Every town or city that hopes to increase either in wealth or population should secure an abundant supply of pure water for the use of its inhabitants.

☞ "Mister, give me back my money. Them fire crackers came all to pieces fast time I used um." "Didn't they go off, my lad?" "Yes'm." "Well, let's see you do the same—bite him, Jowler!" Exit boy in haste.

A SLIGHT ACQUAINTANCE.

LAD—"A."
MISTRESS—"Well, what next?"
LAD—"B."
MISTRESS—"Go on—what next?"
LAD—"Well, mum, I knows the beggar by sight, but I ca'ant name 'um."

BY THE RIVER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY LAURA A. BOYCE.

Where the glistening wavelets quiver,
And the breezes fan the river,
  Tossing up a silver spray,
Sits a maiden, dreaming ever,
  Long bright afternoons away.

Tossing in the breeze her tresses,
Each her tender cheek caresses,
  Like a timid lover's kiss,
Which upon her cheek he presses,
  Tasting daintily of bliss.

But she heedeth not their straying,
In the fitful breezes playing,
  For her thoughts are far away—
Where thy tender heart is staying,
  Tell me, pretty maiden, pray.

Ah! deep blushes quick discover,
Brown-eyed Bessie has a lover,
  That is why she dreams alway,
And her heart, the truant rover,
  Never more with us will stay.

Tell me, gently murmuring river,
Whom the maiden dreams of ever,
  As she sits beside thee here?
"Maidens' secrets tell I never,"
  Roared the river loud and clear.

Bird that sings in boughs above her,
Who is brown-eyed Bessie's lover?
  Tell me in your song I pray!
"I will ne'er his name discover,"
  Sang the bird and soared away.

Wild flower 'neath her fair feet blooming,
All the ambient air perfuming,
  Bessie's secret tell to me.
"Nay, I'd not be so presuming,"
  Sighed the floweret modestly.

Keep thy secret then, dear Bessie,
None to tell thy love shall press thee,
  None may know thy fond heart's bliss;
Ne'er again such joy shall bless thee,
  In a world so sad as this.

Dream on still, O brown-eyed maiden,
While thy heart with bliss is laden;
  May'st thou never wake to find
Love's sweet dream flown from thine
  Aiden,
Leaving nought but earth behind.

Blue Light.

A remarkable paper, read by General A. J. Pleasanton before the Agricultural Society of Philadelphia, on the acceleration of the growth of plants and animals by selecting certain rays of the solar spectrum, has been published, under the title of "The Influence of the Blue Color of the Sky in developing Animal and Vegetable Life." This paper relates a series of most extraordinary experiments, by which it is shown that both animals and plants flourish to a remarkable degree when subjected to the influence of blue or violet rays of light. General Pleasanton first erected a grapery, in which every eighth row of glass on the roof was of violet-colored glass, alternating the rows on opposite sides of the roof, so that the sun in its daily course should cast a beam of violet light on every leaf in the grapery. Cuttings from roots one year old of the thickness of pipe stems, and cut close to the pots containing them, were planted in April, and by September many of them had attained a growth of forty-five feet in height, and an inch in diameter. In the following year the growth was, if any thing, more remarkable. They were started to grow in March, after having been cleaned and pruned in the preceding January. "Besides the formation of new wood," says the general, "and the display of the most luxuriant foliage, there was a great number of bunches of grapes, which soon assumed the most remarkable proportions—the bunches being of extraordinary magnitude, and the grapes of unusual size and development." In the following September the same gentleman came to visit the grapery again, and, after having critically examined its contents estimated the weight of grapes as being twelve hundred pounds. One may well be astonished at this product, when it is considered that in grape growing countries, where that fruit has been cultivated for centuries, a period of time of from five to six years will elapse before a single bunch of grapes can be produced from a young vine, while here were plants only seventeen months under cultivation giving a most remarkable yield. It was, of course, predicted that the fertility of the vine would be soon exhausted, but, up to May, 1871, nothing of the kind occurred. General Pleasanton also tested the effect of blue glass upon animal life. A litter of pigs was separated, a portion reared in the ordinary way and a portion under blue glass. There was a slight difference in favor of the latter. A sickly bull calf was subjected to the same influence with remarkable results. In a few days its feeble condition disappeared, and at the end of two months its growth had become almost marvelous. In forty days it gained six inches in height. At the end of four months it was turned into the barn yard, and at fourteen months old was one of the best developed animals that could be found anywhere. General Pleasanton believes that his discovery is applicable even to the human family. Architects, he thinks, might arrange the introduction of these mixed rays of light into our homes, and thus confer great benefit upon the occupants.

Buying and Selling.

The following is the way they buy and sell in Madrid, if a correspondent tells the truth:—

A nut-brown maid is attracted by a brilliant red and yellow scarf. She asks the sleepy merchant, nodding before his wares, "What is this reg worth?"

He answers with profound indifference, "Ten reals."

"Hombre! Are you dreaming or crazy?" She drops the coveted neck-gear and moves on, apparently horror-stricken.

The shopman calls her back peremptorily. "Don't be rash! The scarf is worth twenty reals—but for the sake of Santissima Maria, I offered it to you for half price. Very well! You are not suited. What will you give?"

"Caramba! Am I buyer and seller as well? The thing is worth three reals; mora is a robbery."

"Jesu! Maria! Jose! and all the family! Go thou with God! We cannot trade. Sooner than sell for less than eight reals, I shall raise the cover of my brains! Go thou! It is eight of the morning, and still thou dreamest."

She lays, down the scarf reluctantly, saying, "Five?" But the outraged mercer snorts scornfully, "Eight is my last word! Go to!"

She moves away, thinking how well that scarf would look in the Apollo Gardens, and casts over her shoulder a Parthian glance and bids "Six!"

"Take it! It is madness—but I cannot waste my time in bargaining."

Both congratulate themselves on the operation. He would have taken five, and she would have given seven. How trade would suffer if we had windows in our breasts.

Growth of Children.

Children grown up—nothing on earth grows as fast as children. It was but yesterday, and that lad was playing with tops, a buoyant boy. He is a man, and gone now. There is no more childhood for him or for us. Life has claimed him. When a beginning is made it is like ravelling a stocking; stitch by stitch gives way till it is all gone. The house has not a child in it—there is no more noise in the hall—boys rushing pell-mell; it is very orderly now. There are no more skates, sleds, or balls left scattered about. Things are neat enough now. There is no delay for sleepy folks; there is no longer any task before you lie down, of looking after children and tucking up the bedclothes. There are no disputes to settle, nobody to get off to school, no importunities for impossible things, no rips to mend, no fingers to tie up, no faces to be washed, or collars to be arranged. There was never such peace in the house! It would sound like music to have some feet to clatter down the front stairs! Oh, for some children's noise! What used to ail us, that we were hushing their loud laugh, checking their noisy frolic, and reproving their slamming and banging the doors?

☞ They contend in an English court that a gentleman who says "howsomedever," is not a gentleman.

AGRICULTURAL.

A HAT AND A HORSE.—If caught in a shower, and you get your hat wet, brush it before it is dry. And so of a horse. When he comes in wet with perspiration smooth his hair with a coarse brush—a common broom is better than nothing—in the direction you wish it to lie when it is dry. The animal will feel better, and it will be only half the trouble to clean him the next time he needs it.

FARMING.—Any business is profitable which yields man a subsistence; but while the farmer lives by his labor he is generally multiplying the implements of his calling in number and in value, and increasing the productive capacity of his acres. If he rears a family aright, and has not laid up one dollar in the bank, he has been a prosperous man, enjoying the fruits of his labors and conferring a benefit to the state. But while many do this, many more are doing vastly better every year.

SOIL AND COLOR OF GRAPES.—An exchange says:—"Our attention was called to the difference of color between grapes grown on clayey soils and those grown on gravelly soils. Those on the former were invariably darker and more glossy, and would be pronounced on a judgment rendered by the eye to be richer than those which had been grown on gravelly soils which were lighter in color and less covered with bloom. But the saccharometer acidometer reversed these decisions, and showed that the richest grapes where those which were not grown on clay soil.

THE ROSE ON THE LAWN.—Few persons, says an English journal, are aware of the magnitude to which the rose may be grown, or the splendid effect it can be made to produce on a lawn or pleasure grounds; yet with a sufficiently strong stem, and a system of careful and patient training, there can be no reasonable doubt that the standard roses could be grown to the size and form of the ordinary examples of the Weeping Ash, having the branches all produced from the top of a single stem.

MILKING-STOOL.—A new idea and a good one is advanced by J. T. Scott, of Kansas: "I make my milking-stool of a board or plank two and a half feet long and eight inches wide, with two legs in one end and one in the other. The end with one leg is put under the cow, to set the pail upon to keep it out of the mud or dung, and bring it nearer to the cow's bag, while you sit on the other end. This is a great improvement on the common short stools, and though a small matter, is of considerable importance in a dairy state. Try it, and you will never use any other."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THOMPSON (Dayton, O.) writes: "I am a young man just starting out into life, but am unable to decide what is best for me to do. My parents wish me to engage in commercial business, but my own tastes run more towards the pursuit of a literary career. I am inclined to think myself a fair hand at literary composition, and, of course, am influenced somewhat by a natural desire for fame. But poverty stands in my way of coming to a decision. Please advise me. Does literature pay? Is it or commerce the surest road to competence?" Your asking such a question shows that you are yet unfledged, and quite incapable of deciding on your proper course of life. This being the case, the only sensible course for you to pursue will be to profit by the experience of your parents, and do as they wish. Your being inclined to admire your own compositions has no bearing on the matter. If others, of acknowledged critical judgment, inclined to admire them, the case would be different. It is evident your parents do not incline that way. You appear divided between two desires, for fame and for money, and wish to know for which you had best seek. Your chances of obtaining the latter are certainly much better in commerce than in literature. If your taste continues to bend towards literature, mercantile pursuits need not absolutely hinder you from devoting your spare hours to the pen, in chase of that "Will-o'-the-Wisp" called Fame.

A. G. E. (St. Louis) writes: "I have been for years a reader of your valuable paper, from which I have derived much pleasure and instruction. Will you be so kind as to give me your advice in the following case? The gentleman to whom I am engaged has taken the stage *fever* badly, and is determined, despite all my opposition, to go on the stage. He will never make an actor, it is not in him, but it only offends him to tell him so. And anyhow I could not think of marrying a play-actor. I am very unhappy. I love him warmly, but fear he cannot return my love as he professes, or he would pay some attention to my wishes. Please advise me what I had best do, as I am in a state of miserable indecision." You should be aware that a young man stage-struck is beyond the reach of advice or argument. He doubtless beholds fame and fortune beckoning to him in the distance, and has probably built already a magnificent "castle in the air," in which you are to be installed as queen. His determination to go on with his scheme is no proof that his love is lessened, as doubtless he imagines his own judgment in the case to be tenfold better than yours, and also may imagine that your love for him will overcome your objection to the stage, when he shall have appeared successfully in Hamlet. As you cannot stop him, you had better let him go on. A short experience of the profession may send him back to you, a sadder and a wiser man.

H. F. C. (Chicago) writes: "Will you please, in your Answers to Correspondents, give me your advice on the following subject? My daughter married, some years ago, a man who was seemingly a perfect gentleman. Alas! he proved quite the contrary, and treated her so cruelly that she was forced to separate from him. In fact she was so seriously injured through his treatment that she has since died. She has left a complete statement of the way she was treated, which, if published, would utterly wreck his reputation. He has married again since her death, and I think I ought to publish this statement, so as to expose such a villain to the world, and prevent his drawing any more victims into his toils. What do you think about this? Would you advise me to publish this statement?" What do you hope to achieve by such a publication? You acknowledge that he has already obtained a new victim. It is too late then to hinder this, and too late to benefit your daughter. As for the world at large you would find that it is not so interested in your affairs as you may imagine. If you determine on making an exposure it will be quite sufficient to do so to persons who are interested in the matter, and not to waste your ammunition on the unheeding world. We suppose of course you have no objection to a libel suit.

NELLIE (Augusta, Ga.,) says: "I am visited by two gentlemen, both eminently proper and unexceptionable in every respect, except that they consider each other rivals for my affection. This is disagreeable to me, and I am inclined to dismiss the pair of them, particularly as I learn from friends that they are at sword's point with each other on my account. Would you not advise me thus to get rid of this annoyance?" Your case is only partly presented. They both love you, but have you no preference, or are they both equally indifferent to you? If the former you can easily settle the question by retaining the one you love and dismissing the other. If the latter, dismiss both.

TOMIAS (Vincentville) writes: "I love a young lady, whom I have every reason to believe loves me in return, but her father is opposed to my waiting on her. Now I want to know what would be the proper course for me to pursue?" Your statement leaves us utterly in the dark as to the merits of the case. For all you say to the contrary the lady's father may have excellent reasons for opposing your attentions to his daughter. That she returns your love is no evidence to the contrary, for young ladies are not always governed by judgment in love affairs. It may be, on the other hand, that the father opposes you simply because he does not know the good points of your character. If so you had better try to correct his bad impressions, and render yourself as agreeable to him as possible.

IRO (Falls Village) writes: "Having read your valuable paper for a good many years I would like the privilege of having a question answered in your next issue. Do you accept manuscript from anybody but your regular contributors? I have some talent for writing, and will you be so kind as to answer?" We accept satisfactory manuscript no matter from what quarter it comes, and have no predilections in favor of any special set of contributors, but strong predilections in favor of well written contributions. It is not ourselves that our authors write for, but our readers, and we can only offer first class material to our large circle of intelligent friends. If then our judgment as to the value of your articles should not agree with yours, you must remember that we cater for the tastes of our guests, not for our own, and are only anxious to spread them an inviting table of contents.

H. A. P. (Johnson City, Tenn.) writes: "I like the Lady's Friend, and think the Post is getting better with every number. Can you give me any directions for making cheap, ornamental, and effective picture frames?" A great variety of materials can be wrought into picture frames, the beauty of which very greatly depends on the taste displayed in making them. The straw frames so much in use lately, can be made very pretty by a tasteful arrangement. So frames can be made of white paper and of leather which are decidedly ornamental. A very effective frame is made of twigs of the spruce tree. These are varnished and tied with wire into various ornamental patterns. If used with the buds attached it adds to their effect. So pine cones varnished and glued on to a frame-work are quite pretty; and small sea shells can in the same manner be made into attractive picture frames.

A Constant Reader says: "Observing lately that you have established a system for answering correspondents, I thought I would request you to inform me how one should proceed to form a croquet club. Also what is your opinion of my writing. If you will answer through the medium of your valuable paper, you will greatly oblige." The game can be played by any number from one to a dozen. But as solitaire is never a very interesting amusement, you had better try and form a club of eight or twelve persons interested in the game. Or if you can only get three others to join you, a club of four can probably derive all the amusement from the game there is in it. Full directions for playing accompany every set of croquet implements, so in purchasing these you will obtain all the instructions you need to make you champion croquetists. Your handwriting is very passable, but your letters need to be formed more regularly.

HOPKINS (St. Paul, Minn.) asks: "Will the Post give me some information in regard to the tides? If there is a tidal wave that follows the moon round the earth, how is it that the tide in rivers does not conform to the position of the moon? And why should the tides vary so much in height at different places, this variation being from six to sixty feet?" The moon has no immediate control over the tides in rivers. These are caused by the tidal wave of the ocean flowing inward at their mouths, and the appearance of the tide at any point depends on the rapidity of this flow. The difference in height of tides depends on local causes. If the tidal wave enters a wide-mouthed bay, which rapidly narrows inwardly, the wave being thus contracted in width necessarily increases in height. This is the cause of the great tides in the Bay of Fundy, which rise to the height of twenty feet.

WILLIAM (Philadelphia) writes: "The late storm in our city, in which so many places were struck by lightning, induces me to ask how it is that the lightning, which looks to be confined to the clouds, should strike objects on the earth?" This is a case where appearances are not to be trusted. The lightning does frequently pass from one cloud to another, but frequently also darts from a cloud to the earth, or from the earth to the clouds. If a conductor happens to be in its path it flows over it harmlessly. If a non-conductor, it rends it violently asunder.

THE NIBBLER.

Metagram.

I am composed of three letters and am a barrier.
Change my first and I am a war-chariot.
Change it again and I am a part of the head.
Change it again and I am to be distant.
Change it again and I am an earthen vessel.
Change it again and I am a propeller.
Change it again and I am in a state of bestility.
Change it again and I am a sailor.

Enterprise, S. C. EGO GBO.

Word Square.

An article of furniture.
An adverb meaning before.
A cave or pit.

Probability Problem.

If two men start from the same side of a square field and walk straight across it in random directions, what is the probability that their paths will intersect within the field? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a blush like a little girl? Ans.—Because it becomes a woman.

☞ In what key should a lover write a proposal of marriage? Ans.—B-minor (be mine, ah).

☞ Why cannot two slender persons ever become great friends? Ans.—Because they will always be slight acquaintances.

☞ What lad is first mutilated and then eaten? Ans.—Salad.

☞ What chaps are allowed to perch quietly on ladies' heads? Ans.—Chaplets.

☞ When is a cabbage like a book? Ans.—When it's red.

Answers to Last.

METAGRAM—Bay, day, gay, hay, jay, may, nay, ray, pay.

WORD SQUARE—
PIER
ISLE
ELKS
REST.

RECEIPTS.

HOME-MADE ICES.—Given a "Five-minute Freezer" and a shilling's worth of ice, and other material costs almost nothing. With lemons at ninepence a dozen, Sicily oranges fourteen for a quarter of a dollar, currants and raspberries reddening in the garden, and strawberries at every corner, a mould of ice costs less than a pudding or a pie, and involves less heat and trouble of preparation. A bit of carpet and a mallet, a few minutes' pounding and stirring—your freezer is ready—your mixture poured in and covered over; you come and go leaving it to itself, with now and then a twirl of the dasher—half an hour and it is ready. The ghost of last winter has entered your kitchen and done his spiriting deftly.

The varieties of material are many. They sound the gamut of the seasons. There is an "Ice" for every month of the year, and a dozen for those in which ice is most palatable and welcome.

As for instance—all the winter long, lemon and orange ices can be had, made simply of the juice of the fruits, cold water and sugar. A little sweetmeat, or the left-over syrup from a can of peaches, may be added to enhance or vary the flavor, and the stiffly-beaten white of an egg makes the composition lighter and more delicate. Later, pine-apple ice comes on; then strawberry, raspberry, cherry—made precisely in the same way. Currant-juice well sweetened and *frozen without* water forms a ruby cone delightful to look and taste. Frozen peaches sliced into cream and well sweetened are delicious; and apple-sauce and cream is not to be derided. In fact there is no fruit or mingling of fruits which will not blend harmoniously under the magic influence of the freezer. The most unlikely things turn out most toothsome. We distinctly remember once eating a mixture of wonderful goodness, which proved on investigation to be compounded of milk, flour, a little melted butter, a *very* little cream, sugar, sliced peaches, and the juice of stewed pears! After that who shall hesitate?

One word more. Pound your ice very fine, and add plenty of *rock* salt, packing it close with a stick or broom-handle. These precautions taken, the freezing becomes a very easy affair.—*Scribner's Magazine.*